

# ARCTURUS,

A JOURNAL OF

BOOKS AND OPINION.

TRUTH crushed to Earth, shall rise again,  
The Eternal years of God are her's;  
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK:  
GEORGE L. CURRY & CO., 155 BROADWAY.  
1842.

ORIGINAL TABLE

I	CONTENTS IN AMERICA	1
II	THE NEW YORK TIMES	2
III	THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE	3
IV	THE NEW YORK HERALD	4
V	THE NEW YORK JOURNAL	5
VI	THE NEW YORK POST	6
VII	THE NEW YORK SUN	7
VIII	THE NEW YORK WORLD	8
IX	THE NEW YORK TIMES	9
X	THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE	10
XI	THE NEW YORK HERALD	11
XII	THE NEW YORK JOURNAL	12
XIII	THE NEW YORK POST	13
XIV	THE NEW YORK SUN	14
XV	THE NEW YORK WORLD	15
XVI	THE NEW YORK TIMES	16
XVII	THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE	17
XVIII	THE NEW YORK HERALD	18
XIX	THE NEW YORK JOURNAL	19
XX	THE NEW YORK POST	20
XXI	THE NEW YORK SUN	21
XXII	THE NEW YORK WORLD	22
XXIII	THE NEW YORK TIMES	23
XXIV	THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE	24
XXV	THE NEW YORK HERALD	25
XXVI	THE NEW YORK JOURNAL	26
XXVII	THE NEW YORK POST	27
XXVIII	THE NEW YORK SUN	28
XXIX	THE NEW YORK WORLD	29
XXX	THE NEW YORK TIMES	30

## CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
The Arcturus Supper to the New York Press,	1
Wakondah: The Master of Life, a Poem, by Cornelius Mathews, Esq.,	7
The Winter Lectures Expounded, by Evert A. Duykinck, Esq.,	18
The Sonnets of Keats,	24
Of Method, by William A. Jones, Esq.,	29
The Career of Puffer Hopkins, by Cornelius Mathews, Esq.,	35, 81, 196, 249, 321, 434
Washington Allston's Monaldi,	49
Johannes Secundus, with Original Poetical Translations, by J. B. Auld, Esq.,	52
Lester's Glory and Shame,	59
Blind Bartimeus, by Henry W. Longfellow, Esq.,	65
The City Article: Bishop Hughes as a Politician, by J. M. Van Cott, Esq.,	66
The Fine Arts,	74, 149, 230, 387
The Loiterer,	79, 152, 235, 312, 390, 465
Death by Hanging, addressed to Legislators,	98
The Little Green Isle, a Poem, by Rev. Louis L. Noble,	104
The Morality of Poverty, by William A. Jones, Esq.,	105
The Cartoucheans in France,	111
Brainard's Poems,	115
The Old Maid in the Winding Sheet, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.,	120
The Love and Madness of Tasso,	131
Sea Thoughts, by J. B. Auld, Esq.,	137
Sonnets, by J. R. Lowell, Esq.,	141, 201, 407
The City Article: England and China,	142
A Welcome to Charles Dickens,	161
The Cripple Boy, a Poem, by L. L. Noble,	165
Time's Wallet, No. I: The Hystorie of Hamblet,	184
The Man of Adamant, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.,	191
The Free and Easy Young Gentleman, a Sketch,	198

	Page.
Reform,	200
Rabelais' Easy Chair, by J. B. Auld, Esq.,	201, 285
A Village Sketch, by Charles Lanman, Esq.,	209
Longfellow's Ballads and Poems,	214
The Uproarious Young Gentleman,	220
Lines Written in the Notch of the White Mountains, by Mrs. M. E. Hewitt,	223
The City Article : Monuments in Cities,	225
The International Copyright Law,	241
To a Butterfly among the Roses, by L. L. Noble,	266
The Lover and the Husband,	267
Time's Wallet, No. II. : The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissil,	277
A Serious Argument against the Use of Clothing, addressed to Tailors,	280
Love and Beauty, a Ballad, by L. L. Noble,	292
Ahasuerus,	298
The Canterbury Pilgrims, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.,	299
The City Article : Mr. Dickens in New York,	309
A God Speed to Washington Irving,	331
A Night-Piece in the Groves of the Huron, by Rev. L. L. Noble,	332
Anthon's Classical Dictionary Exposed,	334
Copyright Fallacies,	337
Easter Day, by Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe,	343
Campbell's British Poets,	345
The Omnibus,	353
The Old Money Broker,	355
Hoffman's Vigil of Faith,	365
John Smith, a Convicted Felon, upon the Copyright,	369
Emerson's Lectures on the Times,	373
Sonnets, by Mrs. M. E. Hewitt,	376
The City Article : The Case of the Creole,	377, 454
Criticism in America,	401
Sonnets, by J. R. Lowell,	407
Time's Wallet, No. III : The Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham,	408
The Fashionable Auction, or the Mysterious Purchaser,	414
Sir William Pepperell,	420
Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby,	428
The Hebrew Nation, by J. B. Auld, Esq.,	449



# ARCTURUS.

---

## No. XIII.

---

### THE ARCTURUS SUPPER.

**E**ARLY in November, one pleasant, chirping morning, Arcturus—Arcturus himself in the body—sitting in his great arm-chair, called us, his stewards and servitors, to his side. Now many people have a false notion of this gentleman and suppose him to be a lean, rugged personage of cast-iron demeanor and a severity of aspect, like that of the almanac frontispiece, portending heavy thunder-gusts, constantly; whereas he is in truth a round, red-faced, jolly dog, with hair inclining pleasantly to a flame color, a thousand or two years old it is true, but as fresh-looking and youthful as if born only the other day—and enjoying a perpetual good humor of manner that nothing can disturb but arrant pretension and boisterous emptiness of pate. Sitting as we say in his red-backed chair, with a line of brazen tacks holding the leather to the wood, glittering about his head, like so many stars, he called us to him and said, “Gentlemen” said he to us his purveyors, “it must be a rouser—an incontrovertible thumper. I wish them all, every man of them: I’ll have no distinctions, no exclusions, but every soul of the fraternity, from Pica to Minion!”

Pursuant to the injunction of our superior—which we knew to be founded in a desire to return many kindnesses and attentions received from them—we accordingly issued

cards for a grand supper to the metropolitan editors: quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, dailies, morning and evening, Sabbath-day and week-day. These, in the great number of cases, were promptly accepted: and when the evening arrived, a long table was spread through the library, the plaster-busts on the mantel and at the top of the book-case dusted and made to assume clean faces; and a blazing fire lighted in the grate. Presently, as the time drew nigh, raps as vigorous and sturdily given as we ever heard, resounded through the hall and Arcturus, standing with his skirts spread—a posture sufficiently easy and independent, it must be allowed—in the very glow of the fire, as if it was his native element, received the company as they came in, with great spirit and heartiness. Among the earliest to arrive was General Morris of the *Mirror*, looking as comfortable and kind-hearted as ever; Mr. Weld of the *Jonathan*, and, to our pleased surprise, for we knew that he lived over the bay, Charles King of the *American*.

After these there dropped in, one by one, Mr. Daniels of the *Courier and Enquirer*, one of the steadiest and surest friends of Arcturus; Horace Greeley of the *Tribune*, and, directly in his heels—which doubtless gave Mr. Greeley the pale look people are supposed to wear when pursued by the devil himself—Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*; and then on his very kibes, M. Y. Beach of the *Sun*. When these all met, nearly in a breath, in front of Arcturus, that worthy could not refrain from a gentle cachination at beholding in a glance the *Triumvirs* of the *Penny Press* before him. Following these, and falling in at intervals, came William Cullen Bryant, the Poet; John Inman of the *Commercial Advertiser*; and, at a short pause, one whose name, as a welcome fell from the lips of Arcturus, caused several of the stoutest that stood around him to jump back, a sort of mixed horror and mirth in their features, Levi D. Slam, Esq., editor of the *New Era*. As soon however as they discovered how plain-spoken, straight-forward, intelligent a gentleman answered to that name, they made up to him, took him frankly by the hand and in less than half an hour were engaged in pleasantries on what they imagined—before they had seen him—to have been the personal appearance of the senior partner of the widely-known firm of Slam,



Bang and Company. One of them had been quite sure that he was horned and walked about the streets of nights, smoking a great roll of brimstone from the corner of his mouth; another that it was actually an established custom of his to come abroad sans-culotte and wondered why he had been at the expense of linen and broad-cloth; and another that he and the Irish giant were identical and synonymous personages. Following this gentleman, almost in a shoal, came the conductors of the Sunday Press, first the three editors of the Atlas like a team of Long Island stage-horses, all abreast: then a comical-looking little gentleman, Dow jr., followed by his associate; then the editors of the Sunday News, and after all these, entering at a bound and with a joyous greeting, the merry-souled editor of the Sunday Times, the talented and well-known watch reporter, John M. Moore. Then by himself came Mr. Mumford of the Standard, apologizing very handsomely and satisfactorily for his tardiness; and after him the editor of the Planet. It was quite evident, however, as we cast our eyes about, that some faces were yet wanting to the occasion and that the festival would be incomplete should they fail to appear. In issuing the invitations, two or three—among them Mr. Brooks of the Express, Mr. Bartlett of the Albion, and Mr. Porter of the Spirit of the Times, had some how or other been unaccountably neglected (a neglect that must be amply redeemed at a future opportunity): and of those who had received cards of invitation Park Benjamin of the 'New World' regretted, that for private reasons, we could readily imagine, it would be impossible for him to be present. This was matter of regret as Arcturus thinks extremely well of Mr. Benjamin, and believes him to be a capital hand at a feast, whether a pig or a poet is to be carved. The gentlemen of the Journal of Commerce declined having any hand in the matter, holding it to be a profane and impious proceeding; and L. Gaylord Clark, Esq., in spite of a declinature we had received at a very early hour, made his appearance and entered into the spirit of the thing as heartily as any of them. As for the Quarterly it was busy cutting up a couple of octavos, and declined any participation in the canvass-backs and woodcock of the occasion: and Mr. Hunt was too much en-

gaged in the Washingtonian Temperance movement (an excellent affair by the way) to attend. Two Colonels were yet wanting to make the board complete:—and after a pause of great anxiety, for the dishes began to be placed, Col. Webb made his appearance, having been delayed at the Hurlgate Ferry—(he came from his farm at Whitestone)—with something or other under his arm that was taken at first for a portentous pistol, but proved on a close examination, to be a black travelling cap rolled in a cylinder. The Colonel had scarcely greeted Arcturus with a cordial grasp, when the room was flooded with a swarm of junior writers and assistant editors connected with the New-York Press. Among whom we recognized Messrs. McElrath and Raymond of the Tribune, Mr. Godwin of the Evening Post, and William King of the New-York American: and a single representative from abroad, A. J. Spooner Esq., of the Brooklyn Evening Star. There was one yet wanting when a face radiant with joy and hope appeared at the door; a stout gentleman entered and Colonel Stone was received by the whole room with shouts. The company was full: the supper was under a cover, and at a word the business of the evening would begin: but here a question of a very serious nature arose—one, which, had not Arcturus been politic in contriving an escape—might have added to the other varieties of the entertainment, a broil among the penmen. It cannot be denied that when they found themselves in a room together that some significant and threatening glances were interchanged: and now, how were the metropolitan editors to be seated at table—in what order? according to what chart or heraldic arrangement?—At first it seemed to Arcturus that they should be arrayed in order of military precedence; but then it occurred to him, painfully too, that the dates of their commissions were uncertain; it was a little questionable whether some had not entirely lost or mislaid all evidence of their martial character and standing; and that unpleasant disputes and recriminations might spring up even from this. In default of this he hit upon a device that not only avoided all matter of offence but at the same time involved what his guests would doubtless hold to be a delicate attention to each of them. He determined to place, without reference to order, opposite each his well-



known favorite dish—and to ascertain this he could be at no loss, for he had but to look into their respective journals and there find a faithful record of what they relished most. Under the eye of Arcturus the table was therefore arranged and the guests seated on a true principle of poetic justice. At the upper end—a rich table-land as it were—sat the editor of the *Commercial*, almost hidden from sight by great mountains of beef and pudding, with tall and portly bottles circling him about and hedging him like so many peaks: the other Colonel of the *Courier* was his opposite and made furious and yet quite dexterous play with knife and fork upon a collop of brawn, from which he made the blood to gush in torrents at every stroke; further down—gliding through gentle gradations—in the very middle of the table, a happy medium—hit upon by an exquisite and gentlemanly taste, sate the editor of the *American*, making a prudent and frugal meal from a plain steak and a neat bottle of Port.

At the very opposite extremity—the antarctic to Col. Stone, the editor of the *Tribune* bent over a wholesome pint of frozen water and a bounteous dish of green cresses procured for his special edification and use. It cannot be said that positive injustice was done in any quarter to the viands set before them by Arcturus; all fell to with good relish and seemed disposed to make the best of what was served.

It is true that at times, it seemed as if Arcturus had in a whimsical mood mixed in gently with some of the dishes an infusion, a mere sprinkling of something bitter and unpalatable, that occasioned a wry face. But this soon passed over and the next minute the eye lit on something that cheered it, into a sparkling recognition, again. Gallant work in truth was made of it: whatever other vices may be laid at their door it cannot be charged upon the city editors that they are of an ascetic habit or at all disposed to neglect the gifts of Providence in the way of eating and drinking.

The night wore merrily on: story upon story was told: jest upon jest uttered; and peals of joyous laughter, starting at either end of the board, would run along the whole line and be returned again with fresh volleys from the other.

A quadruple World or Jonathan could not hold half

that was said: kindly words spoken for the noble writers of the age: a word for Dickens, for Irving, for Willis, for Cooper and Channing—and humblest among all that wield the pen, Arcturus too was not forgotten: nor his brave contemporaries of the monthly and quarterly press.

The hour for parting drew nigh: and when the guests fell off piece-meal—lingering for another joke, another grasp of the hand, it seemed as if they parted from our superior, like an old and valued friend. There was not one, and we are proud to be the chroniclers of the truth, that did not bear away with him, in a treasured corner of his heart, some word that Arcturus had dropped, in advocacy of the highest right, some enthusiastic speech for beauty and goodness, lurking wherever they may, in sheds or hovels: or some strenuous plea for merit, borne down by the world's hard hand, or the severity of evil-hearted men; or, better still, a cheerful hope expressed for that same wicked world's prosperity and progress.

A jolly time we had of it in truth: and what made it infinitely more joyous to us was the thought, constantly forcing itself upon us, that here we had had, in one room of quite moderate dimensions, the entire New-York press: the thunderers, Manitous and weather-breeders; sitting as quietly and harmoniously together over their wine as so many country parsons. Arcturus had succeeded by some magic virtue, inherent in his star, in getting all the scattered beams of the blazing orb of the multifarious press into a focus, and having that fall kindly upon himself and the table he had spread. Happiest of sublunary creatures!—Most fortunate of essayists and public speakers, who hast secured to thyself the good wishes, the kind words of all thy contemporaries; and who livest in the very centre of a cheerful sphere, whose sides resound and send back to thee ever the echo of pleasant and friendly voices.

---

## WAKONDAH;

## THE MASTER OF LIFE.

"WE have already noticed the superstitious feelings with which the Indians regard the Black Hills; but this immense range of mountains (the Chippewyan or Rocky Mountains) which divides all that they know of the world and gives birth to such mighty rivers, is still more an object of awe and veneration. They call it 'The Crest of the World,' and think that Wakondah or the Master of Life, as they designate the Supreme Being, has his residence among these aerial heights."—*Astoria*, Vol. I., p. 265.

## I.

THE Moon ascends the vaulted sky to-night;  
With a slow motion full of pomp ascends,  
But mightier than the Moon that o'er it bends  
A Form is dwelling on the mountain height  
That boldly intercepts the struggling light—  
With darkness nobler than the planet's fire:  
A gloom and dreadful grandeur that aspire  
To match the cheerful Heaven's far-shining might.

## II.

Great God! how fearful to the gazing eye!  
Behold the bow that o'er his shoulder hangs,  
But ah! winged with what agonies and pangs  
Must arrows from its sounding bow-string fly;—  
An arc of death and warfare in the sky.  
He plants a spear upon the rock that clangs  
Like thunder; and a blood-red token hangs,  
A death-dawn, on its point aspiring high.



## III.

Upon his brow a garland of the woods he wears,  
A crown of oak leaves broader than their wont ;  
Above his dark eye waves and dims its brunt—  
Its feathers darker than a thousand Fears—  
A cruel eagle's plume : High, high it rears,  
Nor ever did the bird's rash youth surmount  
A pitch of power like that o'ershadowed front  
On which the plume its storm-like station bears.

## IV.

Filled with the glory thus above him rolled—  
How would some Chinook wandering through the night  
In cedern helm and elk-skin armor dight  
Be pierced with blank amazement dumb and cold :  
How, fear-struck, scan the Spirit's awful mould ;—  
The gloomy front, the death-dispelling eye,  
And bulk that swallows up the sea-blue sky—  
Tall as the unconcluded tower of old.

## V.

Transcendant Shape ! But hark, for lo a sound  
Like that of rivers and of mingled winds  
Through forests raging 'till the tumult finds  
Or makes an outlet free from hedge or bound,—  
Breaks from the Holder of the mountain-ground.  
Oh, listen sadly to the urgent cry !—  
No mightier shadow of a strength gone by  
Through the whole perishable Earth is found.



## VI.

The Spirit lowers and speaks: "Tremble ye wild Woods!

Ye Cataracts! your organ-voices sound!

Deep Crag, in earth by massy tenures bound,  
Oh, Earthquake, level flat! The peace that broods  
Above this world and steadfastly eludes

Your power, howl Winds and break;—the peace that mocks  
Dismay 'mid silent streams and voiceless rocks—  
Through wildernesses, cliffs and solitudes.

## VII.

"Night-shadowed Rivers—lift your dusky hands

And clap them harshly with a sullen roar!

Ye thousand Pinnacles and Steeps deplore  
The glory that departs! Above you stands  
Ye Lakes with azure waves and snowy strands,  
A Power that utters forth his loud behest  
Till mountain, lake and river shall attest  
The puissance of a Master's large commands!"

## VIII.

So spake the Spirit, with a wide-cast look

Of bounteous power and cheerful majesty;

As if he caught a sight of either sea

And all the subject realm between:—Then shook

His brandished arms, his stature scarce could brook,

Its confine; swelling wide, it seemed to grow

As grows a cedar on a mountain's brow

By the mad air in ruffling breezes took.

## IX.

The woods are deaf and will not be aroused—  
The mountains are asleep, they hear him not,  
Nor from deep-founded silence can be wrought,  
Tho' herded bison on their steeps have browsed :  
Beneath their banks in darksome stillness housed  
The rivers loiter like a calm-bound sea ;  
In anchored nuptials to dumb apathy  
Cliff, wilderness and solitude are spoused.

## X.

Then shone Wakondah's dreadful eyes,  
With fire and lurid splendor, like the stars  
That dazzle earth beholding them ;—the wars  
That noble spirits wage with enemies,  
Flash in his aspect through its cloudy guise ;—  
His tower-high stature quakes in all its parts,  
And from his brow a mighty sorrow starts—  
A sorrow mightier than the midnight skies.

## XI.

“Oh, wherefore tremble ? Wherefore should I fear  
Because these creatures now, by chance, are dumb  
Nor longer to my bidding with obeisance come ;  
As when, in times to startle and revere,  
Templed on high within this cloudy sphere,  
With wondering worship of the dusky wood—  
The quivered stream, the dark-eyed solitude—  
I stamped my image on the rolling year.

## XII.

“ At eve or morn whene’er I walked these hills  
From ridge to ridge they shook, from peak to peak ;  
A thousand warrior tribes that dare not speak  
Lay in my shadow with the awe that chills,  
Dumb with the fear that boundless force instils.  
Wakondah was a god and thunderer then,  
Nor bent his bow nor launched his shafts in vain—  
Lord of each power that terrifies or thrills.

## XIII.

“ Your dark foundations felt my framing hand ;  
Nor can your sun-smote summits e’er forget  
By whom their flood-resisting roots were set—  
By whose clear skill their skyey power was planned.  
Through all the borders of the lofty land—  
Mountains ! I call upon you to attest  
Whose habitable wish upon your crest  
Reared up his throne and fixed his Godhead stand.

## XIV.

“ My spirit stretched itself from East to West,  
With a winged terror or a mighty joy ;  
And, when his matchless bow-shafts would annoy,  
I urged the dark red hunter in his quest  
Of pard or panther with a gloomy zest,  
And while through darkling woods they swiftly fare—  
Two seeming creatures of the oak-shadowed air,  
I sped the game and fired the follower’s breast.

## XV.

“Outsounding with my thunder thy loud vaunt,  
Thou, too, hast known me, mighty Cataract !—  
When rocks in headlong motion thou hast tracked,  
Like some huge creature goaded from his haunt,  
Along the mountain passes rough and slaunt—  
Who makes his foaming way while all around  
He awes the circuit with a shuddering sound :—  
So ragest Thou and lift'st Thy sounding front !”

## XVI.

Power crumbles from the arm, and from the brow  
Glory declines with surety swift as light :  
Like towers that loose in storms their wondrous might,  
Dark principalities of air must bow  
And have their strength and terror smitten low :  
The hour draws nigh, Wakondah, when on thine  
Yon full-orbed fire shall cease to shine  
Uplifted longer in Heaven's western glow !

## XVII.

“Lo ! where our foe up through these vales ascends,  
Fresh from the embraces of the swelling sea,  
A glorious, white and shining Deity.  
Upon our strength his deep blue eye he bends,  
With threatenings full of thought and steadfast ends,  
While desolation from his nostril breathes,  
His glittering rage he scornfully unsheathes  
And to the startled air its splendor lends.



## XVIII.

“The nation-queller in their length of days—  
The slaughterer of the tribes art thou! the rude  
Remorseless, vengeful foe of natural blood  
And wood-born strength reared up amid the maze  
Of forest walks and unimprisoned ways;—  
The dwellers in unsteeped wastes; the host  
Of warriors stark and cityless, whose boast  
Was daring, proof 'gainst torture that betrays.”

## XIX.

Oh wrestle not, Wakondah, with the Time;  
The Time resistless in its present hour  
Of rugged force, of multitudinous power  
To make itself triumphant o'er the clime,  
Where streams are endless, mountains as sublime  
And valleys shadowy and calm as ever  
Yet tasked a Godhead's high and bright endeavor,  
Since first the world was in its mighty prime.

## XX.

Far through the desert, see his fiery hoof  
Speeds like the pale white courser of St. John,  
With rage and dreadful uproar thundering on!  
At every step old shadows fly aloof,  
While on and on he bounds with strength enough  
To master valley, hill and echoing plain—  
Cheered by the outcry of a savage train  
Of white-browed hunters armed in deadly proof.

## XXI.

“Through the far shadows of the gathering years  
I see, visions denied to mortal eyes ;  
Phantoms of dreadful aspect that arise  
Cold with the anguish of their wintry fears ;  
And struggling forth from out a gulf of tears  
And blood by banded nations vainly shed,  
Above them all a single Wo its head  
Lifts high and awes its customary peers.

## XXII.

“I say not now what name that Wo shall bear,  
What mournful omen on its front is written,  
What pillared glories by its sad rage smitten—  
Shall fall to earth, and all th’ embracing air  
With its dread sound of wasting tumult tear ;  
These are the future’s—voiceless let them rest  
Deep in the shadow of her silent breast,  
’Till vengeance bid the sons of men—Prepare !”

## XXIII.

So spake the Spirit ; but I deemed I saw  
That in the language of his gloomy eye,  
That made a falsehood of his augury.  
I know that Heaven is true to its great law ;  
I know how deep and damnable a flaw  
Has through its righteous code of truth been rent  
By erring swords and hands with blood besprent—  
And this it is that fills my soul with awe.

## XXIV.

And yet oh God ! I dare to ask of thee  
Pardon and palmy days for this dear land ;  
The glory of thy sun, thy shadowing hand,  
In mercy spread abroad from sea to sea,  
That all its wide vast empire so may be,  
From loud Atlantic unto Oregon  
An orb of power, and never to be won  
Nor yielded up, a home and fortress to the free !

## XXV.

"The past is past !" Wakondah spoke "the past  
Is past : to others lifeless, cold and dumb  
Beyond repeal, I bid it's shadows come  
Swiftly before me, nor care I how vast  
That which I gendered shall appear at last  
As when at first it's dim colossal form,  
Huge, rude, mis-shapen, noisy as a storm—  
Rose up, by me called upward and amassed.

## XXVI.

"Falling or rising through the azure air—  
Green dells that into silence stretch away ;  
Ye woods that counterfeit the hues of day  
With colors e'en the day could not repair  
From his wide fount of morning dyes and fair  
Evening or noon ; innumerable rampant life  
With which this waste or verdant world is rife—  
As yet were not ; the offspring of a god-like care.

## XXVII.

“ Oh, backward how that youthful glory gleams—  
Ye creatures of my undiminished arm,  
When shadowing hills were lifted like a charm,  
And at a word their duly measured beams  
Sprung to their chambers in the mountain seams.  
This was no task-work, nor a toil of joy  
Thus an immortal puissance to employ  
In building worlds and pouring ocean-streams.

## XXVIII.

“ Oh ! might and beauty of the forming earth—  
Shaped by a hand sufficient and divine,  
For such was then Wakondah even thine !—  
With hill and mountain masses bursting forth,  
And struggling all along the blue-aired North—  
With smiling valleys winding far between,  
And rivers singing all aloud, though yet unseen :  
While I, their sire, hung joyous o’er their birth.

## XXIX.

“ A fearful and a perilous joy was mine,  
When brooding thus above the seething world  
I saw the striving giants swiftly hurled,  
With thunderous noises to and fro ; a constant line  
Of furnaced lightnings, ever forced to shine  
Quick, fierce and kindling through the shapeless gloom,  
Made the dull void some creature disentomb,  
And cheered its birth-pangs with a fire benign.



## XXX.

“What voice of portent shook the gulf that held  
The uncreated majesty of woods,  
The calm deep beauty of the solitudes  
Of boundless fields; and from the deep compelled  
That Behemoth, whose roar has lately quelled  
Nations in panoply of arms arrayed?  
Amid the sounding mass and undismayed  
By striving rivers, shock of hills impelled

## XXXI.

“’Gainst hills and wild beasts raging into light,  
Wakondah stood, and o’er the tumult bent,  
It’s Ruler and it’s steadfast firmament.  
He breaks the bondage of the cruel Night  
That wraps them in its folds, and like a blight  
Of storms that rage and thunder but to save  
And purify, he burst your rock-ribbed grave—  
The matchless Master of redeeming might.”—

## XXXII.

The Spirit ceased and all along the air,  
From where in speechless majesty he stood—  
On either hand through all the solitude  
Of glittering peaks and dusky vales, to where  
The wild beasts held afar their anxious lair—  
A sudden silence like a tempest fell;  
A silence and a gloom that none can tell—  
A calm too dread for mortal things to bear.

## XXXIII.

No cloud was on the moon, yet on His brow  
A deepening shadow fell, and on his knees  
That shook like tempest stricken mountain-trees,  
His heavy head descended sad and low :  
Like a high city smitten by the blow  
That secret earthquakes strike and toppling falls  
With all its arches, towers and cathedrals  
In swift and un conjectured overthrow.

## XXXIV.

Thenceforth I did not see the Spirit lift  
Again that night his great discrownéd head,  
Nor heard a voice : He was not with the dead  
Nor with the living, for the mighty gift  
Of boundless power was passing like a rift  
Of stormy clouds that still will have a tongue  
Ere yet the winds have wafted them along  
To endless silence, whitherward they drift.

---

THE WINTER LECTURES EXPOUNDED.

**I**T has been a matter of some doubt and hesitancy among intelligent men how far public Lectures serve the pursuits of literature or science; for our own part, though we cannot but admit a few necessary evils in the best system, we still think that a well-regulated course may advance the interests of both. It is of some advantage to the intellectual habits of any people to listen to the instructions of the best educated, to kindle with the enthusiasm of the scholar as we watch his eye and hang upon the motion of the lip; and the benefit to the student is reciprocal, for he comes before the world to speak practi-

cally to men and leaves behind him the rust, the pedantry, the false images of the closet. These are but a few of the advantages of public lectures. We have before spoken fully of the claims of the lecturer; we have seen the profession grow up in the country as a national one, and have ranked it, as a branch of oratory, among the fine arts. We may be the less suspected of prejudice, therefore, if we freely express any dissatisfaction at the management of the leading courses of lectures for the winter in the city, as exhibited in the programmes published in the newspapers.

The modesty of true learning is sadly violated in these ambitious announcements. It would appear, that the first requisition and proof of scholarship is the title of honorable, and the rank of a state senator a passport to that of all others. These exhibitions betray the pens of young men better qualified to draft a flaming series of ward political resolutions, or ticket a shop window, than minister in the temple of the Muses. The use of titles, certainly as titles are employed now-a-days, the mark of a weak intellect is displayed as the characteristic of many men of sound minds and genuine learning, who little need these accidental appendages. By itself the programme may be a pleasant subject of entertainment; it is sufficiently agreeable to watch the cheerful dramatic exhibitions of those comedians off the stage, the directors, who come forward from time to time, before the public, like Peter Quince, the carpenter, to recite his most lamentable prologue, but laughter is soon exhausted; the repetition of the dull joke soon tires; impudence gets to be distasteful, and we remember with a sigh, the serious interests that are thus disappointed and defeated.

A leading division of the stereotyped names that appear on the various programmes of lectures, is the class of Professors. They who know with what facility professors are chosen, that the name is not confined to colleges, but extended to schools, that professor, as the word seems to import, is very often suggestive of a quack, will be chary of these advertisements. We hear frequently of travelling bishops without a diocese: these are a species of missionary professors, without a college or a class. It is the theory, we believe, of church govern-



ment, that the priestly character once conferred, never deserts the incumbent; he may grow immoral, secular or profane, but he is still a priest. We might allow the numerous brood of professors the like benefit of clergy, and permit them, after having once occupied the rostra of the lecture-room, corrected a false quantity in prosody, or handled a blow-pipe, to retain ever after the outward and visible title of their scholastic authority. Such honors are agreeable to men, and we do not quarrel with them; the world is wide enough, and the interests of society sufficiently expanded, to prevent any idea of rivalry. In these days, when exiled sovereigns wander about the world, perfectly harmless, there can be no fear or suspicion of a dethroned professor. But there are others stalking about, whose names appear in the books at hotels, in the tables of contents of magazines, and among the lecturers who, not having enjoyed this title in the past, seize upon it by anticipation. A few have greatness thrust upon them, and are dubbed professors without their connivance or consent.

Names are often of very little consequence. In times of peace, a captain of the militia passing himself off with the officials of the regular army, is an agreeable satire on the art of war. Men of the world, too, are knowing in such matters, and the exposure of the pretender is sure to follow, with a nice administration of the ridiculous. In literature, the case is different. Here, especially, is it necessary that words should represent ideas, and that quackeries to follow the idiom of Carlyle, should leave the room as quickly as possible. Moreover the interests of literature are remote and distant from the popular view, and false assumptions pass longer unproved. While it is thought fit to preserve the title of Professor in colleges, it is surely of some benefit to the cause of learning, to confine its use to the actual possessors of the office.

It is due to at least one man of talent, to state, that the epithet of Professor, prefixed to his name by the board of directors of the public lectures, is unauthorized on his part, and that for the last year or two, he has been diligently engaged in stripping his name of this unlooked-for appendage. We are pleased to see Charles Eames announced simply in the advertisement of the Lyceum



course, omitting "Prof. N. Y. University." We presume Mr. Eames would do no discredit to this office did he possess it; as a successful lecturer no man needs the title less. Its use was a mark of sapience, and a gratuitous piece of humbug on the part of the directors. Mr. Eames occupied rooms in the University buildings, and they facetiously revived an old Joe Miller. Every one knows the story of the man who got his living by the church, who turned out to be a very humble shoemaker, practising his vocation next door.

We cannot but suppose, that in the case of every true man of letters this exaggeration is entirely unauthorized. Many of the lecturers live at a distance from the city, and have nothing to do with the announcements. They are simply evidences of the false principle upon which the courses of lectures are made up.

If we may judge from the leading advertisements of the winter lectures, the directors are governed in their choice by these two suppositions: that it is most advisable to produce new names, to gain the charm of novelty, and to include as many honorables as possible. The directors lower the intellectual banquet for the public, which they are set to provide, to the level of a boarding-school soiree, or the petty interests of a tea-drinking at Smith's or Tompkins', where a few shabby notorieties are sure to prevail as the leading constellations of the evening. To gratify the passion for novelty, women have come forward as lecturers: when the eloquence of the husband has ceased, the wife has prolonged the dissertation. Mr. Buckingham, the Orientalist, appeared at Baltimore in the national costume of a Turk, to assist, as he said, the imaginations of his audience, and we have ourselves heard a very respectable merchant lecture on the Poets of the age of Elizabeth, and have admired his diligence in transcribing the contents of a biographical dictionary. Where the class of Honorables fail, Majors, Colonels and Indian Agents supply the gap; a Reverend is a substitute for a foreign ambassador, or a state senator; and the learned blacksmith is paraded as a mineralogical formation, quite in the spirit of the advertisements of the learned pig. It is really refreshing in the midst of these adventitious aids, to read the simple, manly name of John Neal, the subject of whose lecture "self-reli-

ance," seems chosen as a quiet satire upon the pretence and bolstering of the honorables.

One very mysterious announcement appears on the bills. It is this: ———, on ———; which being interpreted may read, The Honorable Mr. Blank on Nothing in Particular. We think we have heard this lecturer before, a man of a good presence and abundant whiskers, addicted to a finger ring, breastpin and protracted tumblers of water with which he needlessly irrigates the prevailing washiness of his composition. He generally commences his lecture after an unusually formal adjustment of manuscript and the moveable gas lights, with a full and impartial confession of his utter unworthiness to appear before so polite and accomplished an audience. His feebleness is so faithfully delineated and illustrated by his style and manner, that the row of directors who have just introduced this model of unworthiness and taken their seats in his rear, might blush bright scarlet if public bodies were ever known to blush at all. He pursues his subject by the help of newspaper common-places, stopping every now and then like the city milkmen to flavor a weak sentence with an infusion of the water pitcher. Thus he dribbles on, with occasionally a hack metaphor that brings down the legs and applause of the small boys on the back benches; startles the old gentleman who attends all the lectures from his slumbers, and relapses again into his monotony till the pitcher is exhausted and the audience in a crowded, heated room are driven almost to desperation by the lecturer's aggravation of their thirst corporeal and mental.

We are willing to suppose these titles genuine. Major G. Tochman, late an officer in the Polish army may very probably be also a "Professor in the College of the city of Louisville, Kentucky," though we candidly think the announcement is likely to create no extraordinary excitement in New-York. These things may be all so, and yet of very little importance in the preparation of a course of lectures. We are so old-fashioned as to believe that the man of one art or mystery is likely to do better in his vocation than he who practises a dozen. We have respect enough for literature to claim for it the exclusive devotion of the whole life in its disciples. The pursuit of the scholar is sacred and retired; he lives apart, and



by much converse with himself is the better able to think for others. He ought not to withdraw from the world in any spirit of distrust or opposition; on the contrary, if his habits are true, he will have the more ardent sympathies for its pursuits and welfare. He may be of ripe learning, a profound thinker, an honest philanthropist, and he will when it is necessary, mingle with the world as a man of business: his studies should teach him diligence, self-reliance, perseverance. But the converse of the remark is not equally true. A first rate man of business may lack those literary accomplishments which make learning acceptable; he is very likely to want the learning itself. So a very worthy senator taken like Cincinnatus from the plough, to a share in the administration of public affairs, may make a very indifferent common-place lecturer; or a major in the army, or the commander of a ship may be equally at fault. The callings are distinct. The truth is, and it cannot be too often upheld and vindicated, that the pursuit of literature is a distinct, honorable profession by itself, and entitled to its own privileges and immunities. It has long been admitted by every civilized nation, that it is for the welfare of society that the peaceful arts of letters should be encouraged. The student who devotes his life to learning may rightfully claim, that on all occasions on which the scholar should speak, he should be heard. As it is, he is a most neglected individual. His situation is perfectly anomalous. He rules the world by his writings, and in his own person is often unknown: he fights a desperate contest with booksellers for his honest gains, and is tolerated rather than fairly protected by the laws. Surely when an occasion offers like that of the presentation to the community of a select body of individuals to teach or lecture in public, his class should be first of all represented. A stranger arrives in the city from Paris or London, and desirous of information as to the literature of the country, hears of a course of public lectures, and thinks of the Sorbonne. The conclusion he must draw from such advertisements as he finds in the newspapers is, that New York must go to New-Jersey, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Boston, for what is, after all, an ill-assorted, ill-digested stock of popular information on Snow, the Literature of the Sea, the Aristocracy of Eloquence, and the Wonders



of Romance. If this were the best that could be offered we should not complain; we should hide the defects that were incurable, and not expose the poverty of American literature. But such we are proud to say, is not the case. There are in this city accomplished scholars and eloquent orators; men living in the retirement of their families, who could bring to the cause of the public morals a wisdom derived from that best of all teaching, of the home and the fireside; there are those who see with a keener eye the true principles and laws of trade than the merchant, who is engrossed with what is immediately before his eye; there are wiser politicians than those who meddle in the trade for office; there are enthusiasts for goodness and nobility of life whose voices might and should be heard in public, but whose names are not to be found in the programmes of the lectures.

---

#### THE SONNETS OF KEATS.

**T**HE world has now definitely settled the point for its own satisfaction that Keats was a poet. We can only wonder that it should have ever been doubted by any one. We can only congratulate ourselves in the absence of any such delicate poetry in these times, that we have seeing eyes and faithful believing hearts to treasure up all that has been thus committed to us from the past. Why Keats should ever have been misunderstood is a matter of miracle, did we not remember the virulence of party and the blindness of prejudice. Keats was identified with a school of political writers out of fashion, and whom it was the custom to abuse. It was in vain that he wrote like Milton in his minor poems if he lived with Shelly and Leigh Hunt. Excellence of all kinds was blighted by such an atmosphere; at least so thought and pronounced judgment the critics of Blackwood and the Quarterly. It is singular that Lord Byron too should have questioned one of the finest lines in English poetry, and asked what the poet meant by "a beaker full of the warm south." It was the very outpouring of the soul of the bard, even as of old the sacred lyrist thought of

“the hart desiring the water brooks.” We can excuse a political hack for his want of appreciation of a fine poet; nay, we may excuse Byron too for other and more refined reasons. Are we not all too chary in our belief of contemporary merit; why are we deaf to the poet’s whispers of affection while he lives, and listen only when the clear loud trump of death sounds the first notes of fame?

With true humility and love should we approach an author like Keats. He has passed away from all the evil reports and brawling of this vain world of errors; he has been released by the good angel Death, “who openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy.” He has taken his station with the few who do not greatly tax our memories to contain their worth. A small but sacred shelf in the library may hold the few brothers in time who have thus far thought and felt with his youthful exuberance of fancy. There were such spirits in Greece who trembled at the lyre of Sappho; in the cold northern clime of England there have been Shakespeare, whose Sonnets and Venus and Adonis are full of this exquisite sensibility; Sir Philip Sydney too, in his sonnets, and the youthful Milton in *Lycidas*. This is a choice association for the name of a modern poet, and we would not break it by introducing any others less worthy. We cannot, against this coming season of festivity, lay a more cheerful wreath on the altar of old winter, than by intermingling a few of the flowers these poets have so carelessly sown along the path of life, and presenting them as our votive offering. So will the Muses love us and inspire new young poets to shower down upon our pages new conceits, new lovely cares of life, such as youth and imagination only know.

Shakespeare shall not be our first hero, for we here lay aside all critical distinctions. The greatness of this mighty name in literature shall not overshadow the rest; but the last, though least successful, whose earthly life was the least complete, shall be first. Keats shall have the precedence. Which one of the twenty sonnets so modestly enclosed in the “Miscellaneous Poems” shall we quote? For the present, the gentlest,



## ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

Come hither, all sweet maidens soberly,  
 Down-looking, aye, and with a chasten'd light,  
 Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,  
 And *meekly let your fair hands joined be,*  
 As if so gentle that ye could not see,  
 Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright,  
 Sinking away to his young spirit's night,  
 Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea:  
 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;  
 Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips  
 For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.  
 O horrid dreams! see how his body dips  
 Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:  
 He's gone; *up bubbles all his amorous breath.*

This is the poet's power of sympathy; we will follow  
 him now in his own person home, of a cold night on the  
 highway. He still

by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended.

Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there  
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;  
 The stars look very cold about the sky,  
 And I have many miles on foot to pace  
 Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,  
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,  
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,  
 Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:  
 For I am brimfull of the friendliness  
 That in a little cottage I have found;  
*Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,*  
*And all his love for gentle Lycid' drown'd;*  
*Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,*  
*And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.*

Seek not for so called grand thoughts in these concep-  
 tions; the poet had these too; but here the warmth and  
 domesticity show a calmness strong as the other. Are  
 not those moments of repose, when the body is subdued  
 by temperate enjoyment, and answers like a ready in-  
 strument to the first bright whispers of the mind in a  
 quickened sense of pleasure; the brief periods when  
 that restless, fleeing shadow, happiness, (which like  
 Peter Schlemihl we sell and search the world for, ever  
 afterwards,) is once more reflected alongside of us—are  
 they weak or feeble? No, such delights are confident  
 and secure; it is irresolution only that is feeble. There  
 are more eloquent, more heroic sonnets, full of a god-like  
 expression in Shakespeare, but we have chosen here too  
 one of those in which cheerfulness, an amiable sensibility



predominates. Besides it is not hackneyed: the last line stamps the poet.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all these.  
*Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow, I with these did play.*

Sir Philip Sydney comes in this association by his youthfulness. His sonnets were written early, for he died at the age of thirty-two. The style is animated and warlike, and breathes of tournaments and battles. Yet he could strike the lute as well. This is, to our liking, the best of the sonnets, as it is the most appropriate for our winter garland.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The bailing place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low.  
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;  
O make in me those civil wars to cease:  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
*Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.*  
And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Milton too could sometimes forget the affairs of the long parliament, the austerity of virtue, and the energy of the epic, to sing of household joys.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun,  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air:

He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

And now our chaplet is complete. These thoughts of the poets run so harmoniously into each other, that they have needed few words of ours to connect them. We would not separate them or remind the reader of those different divisions of time in which the authors flourished. In the society of the poets, like Eve in Paradise, we

forget all time,  
All seasons and their change.

Milton, Sydney, Shakespeare and Keats sing their alternate song, like Daphnis and Menalcas in an ancient wood. They know nothing of death or time. The heart of man is ever young, and even skies and trees fade not nor perish. In other walks of human learning, we meet with traces of ruin and decay; whole pages of Bacon are to us moderns worthless stubble; Milton when he ceases to be a poet, ceases to be read; but the single genuine verse that comes from a noble heart, be it from peasant or courtier, the polished age of Pericles, or the rude days of Chaucer, the simple pastoral Judea, or this thronged versatile Republic in the nineteenth century, will be the contemporary of other noble hearts, speaking to them like the voice of a friend. So let it be, and when we think of Keats, tenderly and sadly, for his early death and wounded spirit, there should be triumph too, in this immortal mind, which can prevail over gloom and disaster, and write its story in imperishable song. Lest some should doubt of the company of the elder poets with whom we have associated Keats, and for the pleasure of those who already recognize this distinction, we turn, at parting, to the noblest of the sonnets, that one

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly States and Kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;



Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

---

## OF METHOD.

‘**O**RDER is Heaven’s first law,’ and should certainly be one of the guiding rules of earth. Out of chaos rose this beautiful creation, so from confusion should spring harmony and the regular procession of events. The absence of method authorizes the presidency of misrule, but yet the strictness of method may become the very essence of formality. This is the most palpable objection to it. Stronger recommendations to its practice overweigh this venial defect, which can never occur where there is any real foundation of solid ability. Directness is the first element of a great mind, and this co-exists naturally with method. It is the straightest road to any given point, a kind of short cut to knowledge and action. Method infers design, but design implies invention, and thus we arrive at the truth, that this faculty of plan and system, commonly viewed as a mere business quality, is in reality the first attribute not only of humanity, but even of the Divine Mind. Truly, then, sang the poet. But though well assured of the celestial origin of this faculty, still we intend to regard it as a useful habit of mind and character rather than as a lofty talent and to consider its applicability to daily life and matters of course.

Method has often been called the soul of business, and certainly, of a tumultuous body of affairs it is, in general, the moving spring. Economy of time and talent no less than frugality in expenditures, is the secret of making a fortune. Following an exact map of operations, guiding oneself by fixed rules and allowing no crevices or interstices of time, to remain unfilled, it is incredible how much can be accomplished in a given time. Skilful business men will confirm this, and the industrious scholar and author can afford better proof still. There is a method of doing everything, and this method carefully settled into particular rules, becomes an art and takes rank accordingly. Apart, however, from



the various uses which method may subserve in a business point of view, it is highly valuable in practical morality. Method conduces to moderation. When we resolve to work by system, we must take time to the execution of any plan and that delay begets a consequent temperance and precaution.

Moderation is, after all, the cardinal rule of action. There are, to be sure, instances where it must be forsaken, but these are few. By moderation, we do not mean indifference or cold and supine selfishness, but that wise proportioning of means to an end, that judicious balance of the faculties (so much rarer than the excessive brilliancy of any one of them,) that wise selection of aids and appliances, that nice discretion, that refined discrimination, that calm sagacity, that inestimable instinct of the sure, the proper, the excellent, in conduct and character, which is only to be found in the noblest order of intellects—in Socrates, in Solomon, in Shakespeare, in Bacon, in Locke, in Goethe, in Franklin, in Washington. The possession and exercise of this quality ensures rectitude of conduct and propriety of sentiment. It is the surest attribute of the world's greatest benefactors, who in their own day, are often regarded as negligent of the interests of their country and age, because they make no boasts of patriotism nor mouthing rants of philanthropy. Their heads are cool though their hearts are warm, and with good reason, for the interests most nearly conducing to the welfare of humanity lay too deep for ordinary observation, require a wider cycle to revolve in, are late in the determination of the issues of events.

To take but a single instance of common occurrence, bores in conversation, prozers, or riders on hobby-horses. With how much greater ease and comfort might not the social machine be conducted if moderation, that 'understrapping virtue of discretion,' only prevailed in private conferences as well as public discussions. The disgraceful occurrences that have, from time to time, occurred both in the English Parliament and our Houses of Congress would never have taken place, had a prudential regard governed those political bodies. And, in private assemblies, how odious the extravagance of individuals. In almost every circle, at least one may be found, who rides certain topics to death, tediously recounting 'wise saws'

from hour to hour, and annoying the company by long lectures on subjects of which they are either quite ignorant, or else to which they are indifferent, and perhaps averse. A very worthy man, in other respects, has a smattering of several sciences, on which he regularly discourses like a professor in his chair, to every society into which he enters and all the members of it, indiscriminately. He has all the trouble and pains of an instructor, not only without the profit and without any distinction, but with the positive dislike of those thrown in his way, and almost always the opposition of those he would convert. Indeed, we may notice, the very attempts of some men to make proselytes is the greatest obstacle they have to encounter. And the worst of the matter is, a sincere inquirer after truth and defender of knowledge, is accused of temporizing and neglect, if he do not go hand in hand with his zealous companion in all particulars, and to the extremest verge, sometimes, of absurdity and nonsense. Even when one is inclined to side with these ardent apostles, he is apt to be speedily put out of conceit with even a favorite theory or project, by his ill-timed heat and want of tact. A man may surely believe in phrenology, be an advocate for temperance (would the preachers of it were such in other respects,) or take a strong interest in politics, without seeking to make followers of all he meets, whether they will or no. Beyond a certain point, and except in the case of privileged persons, it is to be reckoned an impertinence for any one, to obtrude his peculiar notions, or insist with vehemence on any favorite theme. This is especially true, in particular companies and under peculiar circumstances. These 'wholesale men' as the fine old Platonist, HENRY MORE, used to style such characters, are rightly denounced as the most useless of citizens and the most unprofitable of scholars. Their vanity tempts them to acquire (in order to boast of) universal knowledge, and like most universal scholars, their real stock of information is worth very little. They make general pretensions, borne out by no tangible performances: 'Never ending, still beginning,' they advance in years without having made any real progress in experience, and in the midst of all their gyrations seldom leave the spot whence they first set out. Fools!



not to know that one must have the courage to be ignorant of many things to attain true wisdom, that we must forego many accomplishments if we would be masters of one art or science, that we must be content to be nothing in the eyes of many, if we would be something in the eyes of a few.

Rashness is the quality of a fool, but excessive moderation is also the trait of a weak character. The moderation we spoke of, was a wise moderation: that virtue, so beautifully described by Hall, as the 'silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues:' a virtue equally admirable, in a philosophical, religious, and prudential point of view. It inclines the student and thinker to eclecticism, unloosing particular prejudices, and clearing the mind from partisan bigotry. It frees the soul from sudden fears and disappointments, as it aims only at the practical and feasible. It is the greatest enemy to the silly pride of opinion: the keenest foe to personal vanity: the test of self knowledge: the guide to future advancement. In religion, it teaches to avoid controversy and rest settled in the open convictions of piety and reason. The philosophy of moderation induces reflection, by obliging us to correct present errors from past experience, and thence also to forecast the events of futurity. The middle men of all ages have been the wisest and the most persecuted, running into no extremes, but seeking the philosophical mean. Moderation is worthiest when it is a hard-bought acquisition. He deserves the highest praise in whom moderation is obtained (to take one example) by the conquest over the body of sin, rather than he whose naturally cold and facile temper acts merely as a negative check. He whose noble resolution and just prudence hath gained possession of this priceless gem is the victor to be crowned, and not he who inherited it in an ample treasury of good qualities. What is earned is dearer than what is given. The one could hardly fail of acting well; the other had every temptation to lead him away. Thus far, of the virtue, moderation; we must not forget the accompanying vice, (every virtue has its vice) formality. Method is continually displaying itself in formulas, ceremonies and grave 'respects.' Its firmness may become rigidity; its systematic procedure, mere mechanical dryness. Of the utility of forms, no wise



man doubts ; of the preponderance of form over matter, all men of reflection must deny the justice. Forms are the mere external shells of substance ; they must be vivified by spirit and intelligence, else they die. Bacon sketches the character of the formalist with great vivacity : “ Some men’s behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is measured ; how can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations.”\* And in another essay, “ It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficieses to seem body that hath depth and bulk.”† Hypocrisy is the worst consequence of a formal behaviour, and the true formalist is a man who lives only in appearances. But face, and tone, and gait do not make up a man, any more than his clothes. They are only indexes to his character, and instruments of expression. Language is the vehicle of thought, but voluntary feeling and unconscious action afford the best revelation of the man.

There are persons guided purely by impulses ; there are others governed wholly by rules. The first are apt to be vacillating and uncertain : the second incline to become rigid and unbending. You cannot count on a man’s impulses being good, neither can you be sure that his principles are sound and just. In practical matters it is safest to go by rule and forms ; in conversation, we may rely more on sentiment and feeling. To be fairly tested, both should be thoroughly educated, (vain desire) the man of feeling, as well as the man of principle ; the heart is, as well as the head, an educable part of human nature. Its impulses may be corrected, raised, refined, as well as the moral and intellectual laws of our being. The extremes of both characters, like all extremes, are bad. A mere formalist is a machine, a mere sentimentalist, a weathercock. We have Cato and Tristram Fickle, slow, cautious, and pompous on the most trifling occasions : or rapid, careless, and unstable in the most serious emergencies. Amelia is a woman of good intentions and formal habits of mind, whose whole life is

---

\* Of Ceremonies and Respects.

† Of Seeming Wise.

the various uses which method may subserve in a business point of view, it is highly valuable in practical morality. Method conduces to moderation. When we resolve to work by system, we must take time to the execution of any plan and that delay begets a consequent temperance and precaution.

Moderation is, after all, the cardinal rule of action. There are, to be sure, instances where it must be forsaken, but these are few. By moderation, we do not mean indifference or cold and supine selfishness, but that wise proportioning of means to an end, that judicious balance of the faculties (so much rarer than the excessive brilliancy of any one of them,) that wise selection of aids and appliances, that nice discretion, that refined discrimination, that calm sagacity, that inestimable instinct of the sure, the proper, the excellent, in conduct and character, which is only to be found in the noblest order of intellects—in Socrates, in Solomon, in Shakespeare, in Bacon, in Locke, in Goethe, in Franklin, in Washington. The possession and exercise of this quality ensures rectitude of conduct and propriety of sentiment. It is the surest attribute of the world's greatest benefactors, who in their own day, are often regarded as negligent of the interests of their country and age, because they make no boasts of patriotism nor mouthing rants of philanthropy. Their heads are cool though their hearts are warm, and with good reason, for the interests most nearly conducing to the welfare of humanity lay too deep for ordinary observation, require a wider cycle to revolve in, are late in the determination of the issues of events.

To take but a single instance of common occurrence, bores in conversation, proser, or riders on hobby-horses. With how much greater ease and comfort might not the social machine be conducted if moderation, that 'understrapping virtue of discretion,' only prevailed in private conferences as well as public discussions. The disgraceful occurrences that have, from time to time, occurred both in the English Parliament and our Houses of Congress would never have taken place, had a prudential regard governed those political bodies. And, in private assemblies, how odious the extravagance of individuals. In almost every circle, at least one may be found, who rides certain topics to death, tediously recounting 'wise saws'



from hour to hour, and annoying the company by long lectures on subjects of which they are either quite ignorant, or else to which they are indifferent, and perhaps averse. A very worthy man, in other respects, has a smattering of several sciences, on which he regularly discourses like a professor in his chair, to every society into which he enters and all the members of it, indiscriminately. He has all the trouble and pains of an instructor, not only without the profit and without any distinction, but with the positive dislike of those thrown in his way, and almost always the opposition of those he would convert. Indeed, we may notice, the very attempts of some men to make proselytes is the greatest obstacle they have to encounter. And the worst of the matter is, a sincere inquirer after truth and defender of knowledge, is accused of temporizing and neglect, if he do not go hand in hand with his zealous companion in all particulars, and to the extremest verge, sometimes, of absurdity and nonsense. Even when one is inclined to side with these ardent apostles, he is apt to be speedily put out of conceit with even a favorite theory or project, by his ill-timed heat and want of tact. A man may surely believe in phrenology, be an advocate for temperance (would the preachers of it were such in other respects,) or take a strong interest in politics, without seeking to make followers of all he meets, whether they will or no. Beyond a certain point, and except in the case of privileged persons, it is to be reckoned an impertinence for any one, to obtrude his peculiar notions, or insist with vehemence on any favorite theme. This is especially true, in particular companies and under peculiar circumstances. These 'wholesale men' as the fine old Platonist, HENRY MORE, used to style such characters, are rightly denounced as the most useless of citizens and the most unprofitable of scholars. Their vanity tempts them to acquire (in order to boast of) universal knowledge, and like most universal scholars, their real stock of information is worth very little. They make general pretensions, borne out by no tangible performances: 'Never ending, still beginning,' they advance in years without having made any real progress in experience, and in the midst of all their gyrations seldom leave the spot whence they first set out. Fools!



not to know that one must have the courage to be ignorant of many things to attain true wisdom, that we must forego many accomplishments if we would be masters of one art or science, that we must be content to be nothing in the eyes of many, if we would be something in the eyes of a few.

Rashness is the quality of a fool, but excessive moderation is also the trait of a weak character. The moderation we spoke of, was a wise moderation: that virtue, so beautifully described by Hall, as the 'silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues:' a virtue equally admirable, in a philosophical, religious, and prudential point of view. It inclines the student and thinker to eclecticism, unloosing particular prejudices, and clearing the mind from partisan bigotry. It frees the soul from sudden fears and disappointments, as it aims only at the practical and feasible. It is the greatest enemy to the silly pride of opinion: the keenest foe to personal vanity: the test of self knowledge: the guide to future advancement. In religion, it teaches to avoid controversy and rest settled in the open convictions of piety and reason. The philosophy of moderation induces reflection, by obliging us to correct present errors from past experience, and thence also to forecast the events of futurity. The middle men of all ages have been the wisest and the most persecuted, running into no extremes, but seeking the philosophical mean. Moderation is worthiest when it is a hard-bought acquisition. He deserves the highest praise in whom moderation is obtained (to take one example) by the conquest over the body of sin, rather than he whose naturally cold and facile temper acts merely as a negative check. He whose noble resolution and just prudence hath gained possession of this priceless gem is the victor to be crowned, and not he who inherited it in an ample treasury of good qualities. What is earned is dearer than what is given. The one could hardly fail of acting well; the other had every temptation to lead him away. Thus far, of the virtue, moderation; we must not forget the accompanying vice, (every virtue has its vice) formality. Method is continually displaying itself in formulas, ceremonies and grave 'respects.' Its firmness may become rigidity; its systematic procedure, mere mechanical dryness. Of the utility of forms, no wise

man doubts ; of the preponderance of form over matter, all men of reflection must deny the justice. Forms are the mere external shells of substance ; they must be vivified by spirit and intelligence, else they die. Bacon sketches the character of the formalist with great vivacity : "Some men's behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is measured ; how can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations."\* And in another essay, "It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk."† Hypocrisy is the worst consequence of a formal behaviour, and the true formalist is a man who lives only in appearances. But face, and tone, and gait do not make up a man, any more than his clothes. They are only indexes to his character, and instruments of expression. Language is the vehicle of thought, but voluntary feeling and unconscious action afford the best revelation of the man.

There are persons guided purely by impulses ; there are others governed wholly by rules. The first are apt to be vacillating and uncertain : the second incline to become rigid and unbending. You cannot count on a man's impulses being good, neither can you be sure that his principles are sound and just. In practical matters it is safest to go by rule and forms ; in conversation, we may rely more on sentiment and feeling. To be fairly tested, both should be thoroughly educated, (vain desire) the man of feeling, as well as the man of principle ; the heart is, as well as the head, an educable part of human nature. Its impulses may be corrected, raised, refined, as well as the moral and intellectual laws of our being. The extremes of both characters, like all extremes, are bad. A mere formalist is a machine, a mere sentimentalist, a weathercock. We have Cato and Tristram Fickle, slow, cautious, and pompous on the most trifling occasions : or rapid, careless, and unstable in the most serious emergencies. Amelia is a woman of good intentions and formal habits of mind, whose whole life is

---

\* Of Ceremonies and Respects.

† Of Seeming Wise.



planned on certain principles of action, and her belief governed by bigoted rules and venerated examples not venerable. Her regularity of design, unconsciously betrays her into deceit, for a pretence to invariable impartiality, as it is unnatural, must sometimes serve as a cover for insincere preferences, including falsehoods to keep up appearances; as those, also, who boast of never being in the wrong, lie sometimes, but oftener cheat themselves. No one on principle can force affection; a step-mother, who says she loves her step children as well as those born of her own flesh, in pains of body and anguish of soul, will be believed only by fools. Yet this is a very common piece of hypocrisy. Our friend Tangent, is just the reverse. He was never known to be punctual, by any one accident; always five minutes too late for a steamboat, car, or stage. His system seems to be, that of chance: his assertion, a perhaps. Some fickle planet ruled his nativity, for constancy is unknown to the matter of fact operations of his life. H. is a strange union of exactness and incongruity: a man, who, in the midst of professions of scientific precision will deviate most widely from temperance in opinion: a student smitten with a passion for facts, yet always running wild with some scientific tomfoolery. And he is an instance of a large class of dry, logical men, who, when they leave the limited confines of a science, become the flightiest and least certain of theorists. A fourth character is a man of business, clear, exact, circumspect, who superadds the ardor of youth to the prudence of age. This is the proper character for action.

Though methodical habits may be acquired by perseverance and resolution, or though indolence may beget remissness and neglect become the parent of want of system, still there appears to be in some minds a fixed determination, one way or the other. Locke could never have been a familiar essayist, nor Montaigne a formal metaphysician. The epigram and couplet of Pope are as characteristic of the man as the freer verse and Pindaric strains of Cowley. The English and French theatres are as wide apart as any two literary examples we could furnish, and yet, intensely national and preserving the most faithful *vraisemblance*. The disputes of the romantic and classic schools, arise out of the same



question, and can be resolved on no other principle. So, in the characters of our friends and acquaintance, we may see one a complete prig in dress and manner, and another slovenly and careless. One man is always in time : his friend, always behind time. These men are either the masters or slaves of circumstance, self-dependent or depending on others. A little precaution and foresight might ward off many a mischance, which happens through absolute stupidity and heedlessness. Judicious method will leave time for immethodical recreations, but a total want of system must subject one to numerous inconveniences. J.

---

## The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

---

### CHAPTER XI.

MR. LEYCRAFT RAMBLES PLEASANTLY ABOUT.

By the time Ishmael Small had returned to the street, darkness had set in, and was growing along all the thoroughfares into the wide-bodied mantle worn by so many stragglers and evil-minded persons, and supposed to be a commodious cloak for all sorts of villanies and misdemeanors. As Ishmael came into the open way, his eye fell upon a tall, gaunt figure, that kept before him, not altogether in a straight line, but winding about through the crowd of laborers and 'prentices that began to set up Chatham-street at this hour, in a strong current ; not halting at any time, exactly, but pausing every now and then in its progress, and glancing about into the faces of those it encountered. Mr. Small observed that the tall figure occupied itself exclusively in gazing into men's faces, and into none of

these save such as seemed to be in the early prime of life. The figure would look about and contemplate a face in this way for a moment, and then disengaging itself from the crowd, as if thwarted in its purpose, would hurry forward, until it plunged again into another, and renewed the never-ending scrutiny.

On the traces of this personage, Ishmael hung, until they reached Doyer-street, and into this crooked by-way it hastened, first casting a swift glance back upon the throng that speeded by, and Ishmael Small followed.

The tall figure glided stealthily along, close up by the house-walls, and peered in wherever he could at the casements, coming at times to a dead pause, putting his face against the window and looking long and painfully within, as if he were bound to have an inventory of every article in the apartment.

In this way he toiled through the street, until he had reached its farthest extremity, where he crossed, entered a covered stable-way, and took up his station against the wall, his eyes still gleaming restlessly about, and his body bent forward into the partial darkness to catch sight of any face that chanced to pass.

"Evening, Emp'ror," said Ishmael Small, crossing over at this juncture, and approaching him—lifting his cap at the same time with an air of profound respect—"taking the census, eh?"

"I wish I was," said the other, sternly, plucking his hat over his brow, "I'd have a chance then of learning whether he lives among men yet."

"You have the queerest fancy for faces I ever did see, Mr. Leycraft" said Ishmael, turning his own delightful countenance comically up towards Leycraft's, "the very funniest taste for juvenile noses that was ever heard of. Nothing 'll serve you but a first-swathe mug, about twenty three year old, with a small black-berry mole under the left eye. Is that it?"

"That describes the child that was put foully out of the way," answered Leycraft, so long ago, that it seems as if all had passed in another world, and yet as fresh, by heaven! as if it belonged to yesterday."

"There's a plenty of boys in this street," answered Ishmael, "and in the next, and the next to that—that'd answer, Emp'ror: you can have your pick, perhaps you



won't get the black-berry under the eye, but then you can get lots of hair-lips, and boar-teeth ; burnt faces and scald heads, and what do you say to a lad with a portmantle on his shoulders, like Ishmael Small, for example."

"Do you think Fyler Close has any clue to the boy—dead or alive?" asked Leycraft, paying no heed to the suggestion of Ishmael.

"Lord! He know any thing of the scape-grace," exclaimed Mr. Small, turning about so that the light of a stable lamp that hung above them should fall directly on his blank visage, "bless you, Mr. Leycraft, he's ignorant as the Mogul—the great grand Eastern Mogul, that takes tea with the moon. He knows nothing, nor cares nothing!"

Mr. Leycraft grasped the seat with both hands, and bending down, looked sternly into the countenance of his companion, but discovering there nothing to the purpose, soon returned to his former position, and standing almost bolt upright, gazed straight forward, as if he would pierce the utmost limits of the darkness with his glance.

"I'd give my soul if the boy were alive!" he at length exclaimed, with startling energy, reigning in his breath as he spake, and discharging each word with the force of a missile; "alive! Ragged though he might be, maimed, blind, in prison, the commonest vagabond, or vilest felon that stalks a prison-hall; yea, though he stood before me now, and with his raised hand should strike me to the earth, I'd leap up to greet him, and would bid him welcome back to God's light, readier than his mother's lips hailed his first coming into life!"

"Why do'nt you go to bed and sleep off this nonsense?" inquired Mr. Small; "the youth's abed somewhere or other, I'll warrant; if not in a four-poster, may be in a church-yard crib. Sleep's the physic for your Excellency."

"Curse it! I can't sleep," rejoined Leycraft, "I have put myself on board sloops and dirty coal-smacks, and toiled away at the ropes till my palms were blistered; have let myself to carry logs and great iron sticks of timber, by the day, and yet when night came—night, that's nothing but a hideous dream to men like me—I've laid down and shut my eyes, and just as slumber began to come pleasantly upon me, a hand, a small hand seemingly, but as strong as a giant's, would be laid on my



arm, would shake me, and rousing, I beheld that accursed child's eyes looking steadily in mine, broad awake and glittering, but not half so cheerful, as broad day; and then shaking its head mournfully, for a minute or two, it would move away, leaving me gasping and struggling for breath, on the hard couch, like a drowning man! Blast my face, I'm but a dead-alive, after all; pleasant company this, every night, but a little too much of it!"

While Leycraft ejaculated this passage in an under breath, Mr. Small stood aside, and grinned cheerfully, as if at an imaginary spectacle of a very pleasant nature, which might be going on at a short distance before him; at one minute he leaned forward with an ideal opera-glass at his eye; then he clapped his hands gently, as if the sport were well conducted, and then he fell back as against a comfortable support, and laughed, as if it were too much for him. All this he did as if entirely unconscious of the presence of Mr. Leycraft or any one whatever.

"Blast you!" cried Leycraft, fixing his eye sharply upon Ishmael, "You don't make a mock of me—do you, young Radish-legs? eh!"

"Lord bless your Excellency!" rejoined Mr. Small, waking, as by surprise, from an agreeable reverie, "You can't seriously mean such a thing. I was thinking just then of a cumbat I had seed once at the thea-ter, betwixt a fine speckled India tiger, and a little pock-marked man in a military jacket. The brute-beast was too much for him I guess," continued Ishmael smiling pleasantly directly in Mr. Leycraft's face: "the way he got the fangs, first here and then there, now in the head, now in the bosom, was very agreeable to a young operative surgeon what was aside o' me in the pit, very agreeable I can assure you."

"In God's name, Ishmael," said Leycraft, his mood changing abruptly from that of extreme fierceness, to one of earnest entreaty, "Tell me what you know of this matter! If the child be dead, let me go and gather up his bones and give them decent burial at least!"

"Suppose the lad died where you think he did, Emp'ror," said Ishmael, evading a direct answer, "It was a natural death, without drugs or doctors: that's a comfort, I'm sure."

"A natural death, do you call it!" cried Leycraft, "the death of a pilfering weasel, or a foul mud-rat rather. There's plenty of nature in great black woods, that swarm with bats and hideous birds of darkness: where no step comes but that of villains fled from city justice; and where the earth is dank with slime and sluggish ooze. A cradle and a calm pillow, with a face or two to look in upon it when one dies, is rather nearer the mark!"

"And it's a very pleasant subject to talk of too," said Ishmael. "There's no place like a open stable-way for an agreeable interview; unless it's in the jail entry. 'Mr. Leycraft's case is a very bad one,' says the keeper with his twist in his mouth. 'Not so bad, after all,' says the keeper's man, knocking the bunch o' keys agin his leg, 'It was only a juvenile boy.'"

"Blast you again!" exclaimed Leycraft, seizing Ishmael this time by the collar, and holding him in a hard gripe, "Do you mock me for journey-work I've done for that old devil," pointing toward the lodgings of Mr. Fyler Close, "Do you tell me I may come to hang for the job! There'll be three pairs on the tree, my brave fellow, the day John Leycraft swings: Three ripe villains and you'll be the youngest, and that old chap who begins to smell over-ripe, shall have the middle place, out of respect to his talents!"

Ishmael again protested that he was friendly, and that he was only striving with his little wit, to help Mr. Leycraft realize a pleasant scene that he might one day come to be a party to: to which explanation Mr. Leycraft would, however, by no means hearken, but dragging Ishmael forth by the collar into the street, he pushed him from him with great vehemence, and while Mr. Small reeled off laughing to himself as he staggered, Leycraft turned his back upon him and hastened away.

At first he hurried forward, with his head down and his hands clenched like one bound on a task that must be performed; but presently, as he got into the throng of a thoroughfare, another purpose seemed to enter his mind, and raising his eyes suddenly he began to peer about like one wakened from a dream. Then he watched every face that passed him; sometimes singled one out from all others, and followed it for a while until it crossed a light, and then he fell back as if he had made a fatal



mistake ; and then taking up another, and another, and another, he renewed the pursuit, and again fell off into a state of blank despair. At times, too, he would strike from the crowd into by-streets, lone and deserted, where no soul was to be seen, and walking here for awhile, cast his thoughts back upon what had passed—would to God, there were no such past time, he thought—years and years ago.

“I remember well,” he said to himself, in one of these pauses, “how the old devil brought the work about: ‘Leycraft,’ said he, with a very pleasant and cheerful smile on his countenance, ‘There’s a sweet child—it’s young, quite young, that’s never been in that piece of woodland,’ pointing to the hemlocks to the north-west, ‘in its life, near as it is. Now it’s quite a warm evening and the wood will be much cooler than the close room ; the mother’s dying within there—she can’t last above a couple of hours—not beyond day-break at the best, and I’m quite curious, as she must go to Heaven, for she’s a delightful woman as ever was made ; I’m quite curious to see which’ll get there first, the mother post-marked by the doctors, or the young lad franked by the night air. It’s a very curious little problem, isn’t it ?’ I of course, fool, double-woven, three-ply ass that I was,—answered to his wish, and when night fell, having the very sighs and moans of the poor dying lady in my ear, bore the child away. An apoplexy the first step I had taken would have been Heaven’s blessing on the job.”

At that moment a sick man was borne by in a curtained litter ; Leycraft heard a groan, as of severe suffering and anguish from within ; and this goaded his restless and uncomfortable thoughts anew.

“He, the generous, noble-hearted gentleman that he is, allowed me a lodging in the garret as long as I chose,” said he, or rather recited to himself as he formed the thought in his own mind—“I might as well have lodged in the oven of eternal flame ; the whole house cried out, from peak to foundation, against the deed I had done. The first night—good Heaven, can I ever forget it ?—I slept well for a few hours, the agony of doing the crime had exhausted me ; but when I awoke, it was from a dreadful, dreary phantasm, made up of howling crowds in pursuit, dark, chill woods, and a whole army, it seemed,



of innocent children, surrounding and pleading with me, or cursing, I do'nt know which. Before me—in a gloomy corner of the garret I saw—where the moonbeam fell upon it through a rent in the roof and dressed it in ghastly light, the very child I had slain. It stood like a spectre, stiff, cold, threatening and rebuking me with its snake's eyes and visage of church-yard marble. At first I was smitten aghast—but soon the devil stirred within me, and rushing from my bed I seized upon an old revolutionary sword, one that had been dyed long ago in a black Hessian's blood, and stood at the bed-head—and advancing upon the apparition, struck at it. It moved not. I struck again and again—it was still dumb. In this way I wrestled with it, grasping my sword fast with a death-hold, all night, at least till I fell down where I had fought, like one in a swoond. When morning dawned, I turned my eyes fearfully toward the quarter of my adversary, and then discovered that I had been battling all night long with nothing but the picture of a little old man—in all seeming an ancestor of the murdered child; and that I had pierced it at a hundred points. A hideous night—God, thanks be to him, sends few such to men!"

Whenever his thoughts ceased to toil with visions like these, he renewed his inquisition among the crowds through which he was passing, or which he hurried on to meet. In this way he struggled with himself or speeded forward the better part of the night. Toward day, when one might suppose he would have sought home and rest, wriggling his way through lanes and crooked streets, that plunged down into the heart of the city, he entered an alley of ten-pin players, and casting aside his coat without a word, joined a grim-looking man who had amused himself with tossing the balls, one over the other, against flies upon the ceiling, till Leycraft came in. They rolled away for hours; bowling at the pins as if they had been men, and knocking six at least in head at each stroke.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE WITH FOB, THE TAILOR.

It was in the peak of the Fork, even higher up than Puffer Hopkins, that Fob the tailor lodged, and there Puffer, ascending by ladder steps, one pleasant morning about this time, found him nestling like a barn-swallow, under the eaves, with his legs gathered under him, after the immemorial fashion of the craft.

The room which was occupied by Fob, was scarcely more than an angle in the roof: the ceiling was formed by the slope of the house-top, and it was lighted by a small dormer window which bulged out of the roof like an eye, and, being the only dormer in the neighborhood, stared boldly down into the yards and alleys adjacent. It enjoyed the further privilege, from its great elevation, of peering off beyond the river, into a pleasant country prospect, in the suburbs of Williamsburgh, and furnished many cheerful rural images to any one that looked forth. Besides this paramount advantage of the dormer, there was within the apartment, a pair of glass bottles on a small mantel garnished with sprigs of asparagus stuck in at the top; a chain of birds' eggs hung against the wall over the shelf; an old fashioned clothes-press, very much broken up and debilitated, at the foot of a dwarf truckle-bed: parts of old spinning wheels, rusty stirrups and sur-cingles, the back of a mouldy and moth-eaten saddle, and other ancient trumpery in a corner, and suspended at the window, overlooking a pot of plants, a cage with a black-bird in it, busily engaged in passing up and down from a second-story perch to the ground-floor of his tenement.

Although Puffer had many times before visited the lodgings of the little tailor, he had not failed, each time, to express, by his manner at least, a degree of surprise and bewilderment at the peculiar appointments and furniture of the apartment. To come up out of the noisy and brawling street, where every thing was so harsh and city-like, into a little region, where every thing was quietly contrived to call up remote places, with the thought of a life so different, so simple and pastoral, compared with the dull tumult below, was like magic,



or playhouse jugglery; and such a feeling betrayed itself in the countenance of Puffer Hopkins.

"You wonder I doubt not, to see this black-bird here—don't you?" said the tailor, detecting the question which Puffer's looks had often asked before: "What business have I with a black-bird, unless I might fancy that I could catch the cut of a parson's coat from the fashion of his deep sable feathers. That blackbird, sir, is to me and my opinions, what the best and portliest member of Congress is to the mind of this metropolis. He has come a great way out of the country, from the very fields where I was born, and where my childhood frolicked, to remind me of the happy hours I have passed, and the sweet dreams I have dreamt, in the very meadows where he and his brethren chattered on the dry branches of the chestnut tree. He stands to me for those fields and all those hours and occasions of the past. I am a fool for being so easily purchased to pleasure: and so I am!"

Puffer had indicated by the attentive ear and glistening eyes with which he had regarded his poor neighbor, that, although a politician and crowd-hunter, he had yet something in his heart that answered these conceits of the fancy-stricken tailor.

"This pot too, of worthless flowers," continued Fob, "my neighbors every morning and evening, see me water them, and wonder how I can so waste my time. They see in it nothing but a few coarse weeds in a cheap earthen pot. I, and thank God for it, recognize in it the great, green wood where summer and I haunted when we were young, together. I hear in every breath that stirs them, the rustling of the noon-day wind, as it spake to me long ago, in a quiet nook of the old ancestral wood-side; and the pattering of the rain on their leaves renews the sound of that ancient brook, whose voice was like a prophet's, to cheer and encourage all that green region in its growth. From its banks these flowers were plucked and brought into this heart of humanity, to give me a thought at times of the good childhood that was buried by me long ago where they had their birth."

Puffer still listened and said not a word.

"Oh how many delicious discoveries in the tall grass: how many stealthy approaches; how many swayings in perilous branches and mad antics in tree tops; how many



boisterous pursuits of the young bird and lucky arrests of winged fugitives, resound and come back and repeat themselves in this speckled string of birds' eggs hanging against the dingy wall!"

As he spake, the large black eyes of the tailor grew more lustrous, and still the more from the tears which stole out and back again with the emotions that stirred him.

Fob had scarcely finished his earnest declamation, when they heard creaking steps upon the stair, and in a minute or two while they listened, the door was thrust open, and a person of no little consequence, if his own countenance was to be taken as a commentary on his pretensions, came forward. He was a fine, sleek, well-fed gentleman, of a good middle stature, apparelled as daintily and cleanly as one could wish; and judging by his jet black hair and whiskers which shone again with oil or some other ointment; his shapely and well-cut coat which sat to his back like a supplementary skin; his pantaloons so straight and trim that the legs must needs move rectilinearly or not at all; his hat with its smooth, glossy nap; his boots quite as polished and serenely bright; and the massy gold chain that stretched like an arc of promise over the azure heaven of a deep blue vest: judging, we say, by all these, this personage must have been the first favorite of all the guilds and craftsmen, whose business it is to prepare a gentleman for a promenade.

"Are those pants finished, Fob: I mean the superior, with open fronts and patent straps?" said the sleek visiter, swelling as he spake and staring over the little tailor's head very fiercely, as if he meditated boring a couple of holes in the wall beyond with his glances. "Curse it, sir, my boy sate up in the ware-house 'till midnight, expecting you every moment. What do you think I'm made of," he continued, dashing his elegant heel on the floor, "cast-iron or New Hampshire granite? Eh?"

"I worked, sir," answered Fob, looking up timidly into the face of the sleek gentleman "'till my needle grew so fine I could'nt see it: and by the time I had got down the right leg, the moon was set; my candles all burnt out, and I fell back on my lap-board, sir, and slept 'till dawn, when I took up my last stitch with the rise of the sun. You shall have them by three this afternoon, if you'll be good enough to wait."



— 1842 —

Illustrated by a. H. S. for the American Book Company

Page 44







"Rot your slow fingers—do you call that work?" pursued the visiter. "Get in a new supply of lights, and keep it up all night—your wages would bear it. Here am I paying you at the extravagant rate of nine-pence an hour for your labor, and you grumble—do you?"

"I do not, sir," said Fob meekly, "I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied. I'm bound to make clothes for gentlemen, and it pleases me to see gentlemen wear them, if they suit."

"Do you know, Fob, that it's my private opinion," continued the sleek visiter, "my private opinion, if you had fallen a corpse on that board and had never got up again—it would have done you great honor."

Fob assumed a puzzled look at this, as if he did'nt exactly fathom and comprehend how that could be.

"I should like to know," resumed the well-apparelled visiter, "whether it is'nt as creditable to a man to lose his life on a pair of patent-strapped, open-fronted pantaloons, as in a ditch with a ball in his head, or a great bagnet in his belly—tell me that, will you? If some man, you for instance, would only make a martyr of himself, in getting up a new-fangled coat, or a vest extraordinary, the craft of clothiers would make a saint of him: overwork yourself, Fob, and be found by a coroner's quest stone-dead, with the pattern griped in your hand, and I'll bury you at my own expense! 'Gad I will—and that as soon as you choose!"

To this pleasant proposition Fob made no answer, but smiled doubtfully and glanced up at his bird in the cage, thinking perhaps he'd rather be black and idle, and in prison like him, than a feeble-bodied tailor, working for journeyman's wages, with a delightful circle of calling acquaintance, like the gentleman there present, among Broadway masters and down-town clothing merchants.

"Never mind that now," said the master, "you may think of it. Don't fail to run down at three with the pants on your arm: mark me now Fob," and he shook his finger as he turned for the door. "I've got a wedding coat to give out to you, to be ready for Monday evening, so there may be a little light Sunday work for you. You need'nt put any button-holes in the coat-tails as you did once before, if you please. The blunder did'nt take with the fashionables, although it was quite original and fresh. Down by three, or I cut you off from our shop!"

With this solemn admonition and menace, the high and mighty master-tailor from Broadway descended the narrow steps with great caution, and getting once again into the free and open street, and on a good level pavement, launched out into some of his finest paces, at which he was soon so well pleased as to begin smiling to himself, and kept on in both recreations, smiling and launching out, until he reached his shop-door, where he entered majestically in.

After the Broadway master had departed, Fob laid aside his implements and the garment he was busy on, and getting down from his lap-board walked to the window, where he stood gazing earnestly out, beyond the river, for several minutes.

"I am sometimes surprised," he at length said, returning and taking a seat on the corner of his board, while a little globule, that wonderfully resembled a tear, stood in the corner of his eye, "I am sometimes surprised," said he, "at the passionate fondness with which my mind dwells on the country. But it has always been so. When I was a mere child, and my father lived then in the city, how I used to yearn after a sight of the green fields. I watched the months as they waned away, with one hope, and that was that August would soon be here and take me with its holiday coach away to the dusty turnpike, the long green lane, and the low roof of the Homestead. At school I bent over my desk, and folding my hands upon my eyes to help the labor of fancy, would strive with all my might to call up vividly some little scene or spot that I loved or preferred to others. When the world was rough with me, even at that early time, I would hie away in thought to the side of a shady pool that I knew of, and quench my thirst and drown my troubles in waters, purer and more limpid, as it seemed to me, than any other that ever flowed or bubbled up from the earth."

In explanation of the character of his poor neighbor, Puffer afterwards learned, that the homestead of Fob's ancestors, for poor and wretched as he now seemed, the fanciful tailor once had ancestors—the homestead which Fob loved next after his own soul, every rood of which was fairy ground to his memory, peopled with lovely shapes, having power to stir the fountain of tears, every nook and angle associated in his fancy with precious



hours long passed away; that this dear homestead had been wrested out of the hands of its rightful heritors, and was, by law and custom, a forbidden realm to him. In spite of this, it was Fob's wont to visit it secretly every year, at mid-summer, to wander silently about its familiar fields and dusky woods, and returning when he had gathered a store of pleasant thoughts and fancies to last him a twelvemonth, to bring back such memorials and relics—like those that garnished his garret—as would suggest to his mind the kindest recollections of his favorite haunts.

"Among many images which perpetually come into my mind associated with that old past time," resumed the little tailor, after a pause, "there is one more distinct, more fixed and impressive than any other. I know not why, nor do I know how it should occur to me so forcibly now that you are here. There was a strange old man who many years ago was a wanderer along the Scarsdale road—they said he had spent his school holidays somewhere there—I marked him and loved him for that—and whose wild actions were a constant theme at half the country fire-sides. I saw him once—at midnight, or very near that time—upon the shore of the Sound, where I had been walking up and down, for I chanced to be a sorrower myself: He had cast off his hat and stood facing the water with his hair streaming wildly back, and his eyes gleaming forth upon the wave, with all the splendor of madness. He cried aloud as if in discourse with the billows. 'Has't any thing to lend to-day? I must have money—disgorge, or I shall starve—my wife is hungry—my boy cries for bread. Foam will not feed him—nor will these loud-sounding rebuffs of yours! Wave on wave—cent per cent—how they jump, and frolic, and climb each other at a compound pace. Oh what a ledger of interest must there be on the other shore, when we reach it. God's there, keeping count!—Mark that.'

The Sound was in a stormy state; a ship was passing that wrestled fiercely with the billows that tumbled against her sides, and rushed in the way of her prow, and kept her in a perplexing grasp, struggling in vain to get free. The old man caught sight of this. 'Dash and howl, and drag her down, will you?' he shouted, 'That's the true death-grapple, and old ship



you must yield. See, she shivers against the rock and down she pitches,' at this the vessel struck a bulging crag, and was in a moment broken into a thousand fragments. 'Pull her in pieces, joint by joint, and make shreds of her, as I do of this—yes, this cursed scroll that the old engulphing miser gapes for in the city! So—so, thus!' Saying this he snatched from his breast what seemed a large square of parchment and tearing it into tatters, scattered it with the wind, along the beach!"

"What became of the fragments—were they never gathered?" asked Puffer Hopkins.

"They were—and by me," answered Fob.

"And where are they now?"

"The Lord, that hath a record of all things lost, only knows!" he answered. "I collected them, patched them together, and after passing from hand to hand, without much advantage to any, they were thrown into some old trunk or garret, where doubtless, they are mouldering now—and in all human chances, passing through the same process their once owner—that poor, wild, sorrow-stricken old man is undergoing in some alms-house burial ground!"

"Do you recollect nothing of the purport of this recovered paper?" asked Puffer Hopkins.

"Only this much," answered Fob, "that it was a conveyance of house and land, with the singular provision that no transfer or sale of the property could be good and sufficient while the child or son, I forget now his name, was living. The names, the dates, much more the boundaries, have all fled from my memory: but I shall never forget the wild tones and eager looks of the old creature that made the deed into fragments; whose voice seemed to echo the Sea, and who borrowed from it the method of his acts!"

It suddenly entered the mind of Puffer Hopkins, whose attention had been strongly fastened upon the narrative of the little tailor, that the old man, that this sufferer, of so long since, and who was supposed by Fob to lie in his grave, might be none other than his kind and singular companion whom he had followed from the Public Hall. He was full of the thought and interchanging scarcely another word with the tailor, he left the garret, pondering on what he had heard, and striving to gather out of it something that might bear on what seemed the distracted fortunes of Hobbleshank.

## ALLSTON'S MONALDI.\*

**P**AINTERS should be men of a strange knowledge and mastery of the passions. Their art leads them to portray emotion, as it is vividly unfolded in some single act, some foregone conclusion, which denotes a previous lifetime of action and suffering. We see the result, the action of the instant on the canvass, and look upon it as we would were we arrested by some passing incident in the street; but how many thoughts have been silently devoted to that work in the mind of the true artist. If the painting be a battle-piece, he has studied the history of the nation and the character of its warriors; beside the mere furniture, the accuracy of costume and drapery, he has exercised himself in the severe toils of the imagination, and out of his own consciousness, by a deep metaphysical knowledge of his own nature, and through himself seeing others with that poetic faculty, he has compelled the hero to sit to him as if he were actually living, and appearing before him. He is himself the hero, and like the youth Hannibal, has sworn eternal hatred to the armies of the enemy. In some portraits what a distinct life speaks forth from the eyes—how much is written in the mien and attitude. These results are not the light labors of amateurs, or the copies of fashionable face-painters; they are the works of great minds, of men, who if they had written the same thoughts in books, would have been acknowledged by all to be poets. The drama of the Cenci is but a translation by Shelly of the expression, the beauty, the sadness, the ‘half slumbering’ power of the portrait by Guido.

Of such painters, who devote lofty original powers to the patient pursuit of art, is Washington Allston. No one can have ever looked upon his paintings and attributed their success to chance, a lucky hit, or fashion, or the impulse of a moment. They are all patient studies; the more we look upon them the deeper evidences of design do they furnish. His Jeremiah is the Jewish prophet,

---

\* MONALDI: a Tale. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1841, 12mo. pp. 253.



conceived in the severest spirit of the sacred Hebrew inspiration. He would not make a good Greek Apollo, or a Roman Seer, or a British Druid, but he bears the heaven-sustained fervor vouchsafed to no other nation than the Jews. The friends of Allston, who know the man, are accustomed to revere his habits of thinking, his singleness of life, his pure minded devotion to art. All that is high souled and elevated, what may be derived from a classic education and travel, the purity of friendship, and the clear insight of self contemplation adds grace to his life. In his retreat at Cambridgeport, he is admired and loved by the few; a few by whom it is an honor to be loved—by Dana, by Longfellow, by Felton. In the present work he has extended the sweet low tones of a voice ardent in the praise of good to a wider circle; he has permitted others than those of his own household and fireside to enter into his heart of hearts, and read the development of a passion which burns in him as keenly as it was ever shared by the great old painters of the past. Not a self lover, a smooth liver of agreeable relations with all, the virtuous and the vicious, to whom life is as a bed of down, is Allston. In the calmness, the silence of the painter's study, there beats a heart, fiery as ever governed the tempestuous Salvator. Few can hunt out the pictures, from the privacy and seclusion of wealthy families, in which this spirit is expressed; fewer still can read its emphasis in the lofty self-possession of these paintings, for all, it may here be discovered in the tale of Monaldi.

It is a story of Italian life, but no further removed from us than the tragedy of Othello. It is a deep, consummately wrought work of self-consciousness; not that the author ever felt in his own person a tithe of what he here portrays; he has not so been disappointed with Maldura or jealous with Monaldi; it is enough that he has felt their opposites, that he has aimed wisely and succeeded; that he has loved truly and well; virtue is but the antagonism of evil, and the soul strong in goodness, looks calmly forth, and measures the deep gulf where vice is hid with all her enormity. In the language of the motto to this volume:

Who knows himself, must needs in prophecy  
Too oft behold his own most sad reverse.



The subjective character of this work is very striking ; the tale on every page looking to the mind within, rather than the world without. It deals with thought, emotion, passion, and exhibits in these a concentration and energy to which we are accustomed to look only to the greatest dramatists. The chief scene of the volume is the self-torturing jealousy of Monaldi, contrasted with the innocent calmness of the wife. We read it with shortened breath and a panting sense of wonder. Not less masterly does the author carve out as it were—for the interest belongs rather to statuary than to painting or writing—the preliminary events by which this noble heart falls from its steadfast truth-worshipping loyalty. We see the gradual progress of disaffection, from the first rude *physical* health, as it were, of the soul, when it is incapable of fear or suspicion, rejecting the poison of envy ; then gradually admitting the idea as if some unconscious act of memory, a kind of haunting reminiscence ; then recurring willingly to the thought, till poison becomes the food of the mind, and it lives on baleful jealousies, wrongs and revenges—the high intellectual nature so difficult to reach, but the heights once scaled, how flauntingly they bear the banner of disloyalty ; Monaldi, like Othello, then spurns all bounds ; like Othello, wronged and innocent. The gradual accumulation of woe in this tale steals on with an inevitable progress ; we seem to stand by as spectators of some earthly misfortune which we deplore and cannot hinder ; we are congealed into passiveness by the author's power, just as we watch the dawning stages of madness in some beloved object which no earthly skill or wisdom can prevent.

This high dramatic power belongs to Monaldi. It has more of concentrated dramatic passion than we have seen on the acted stage together for the last ten years. It is a good study for our modern slip-shod writers, who get up a tragedy in a fortnight ; and to all such, and others who read for self-knowledge, and would have the low mists which beset our every day life cleared away by the passion of genius, we trust the few hints we have given of this work will invite to its study. It is a work that will live, for it is one that places Allston by the side of his friend, the author of *Paul Felton*.

## JOHANNES SECUNDUS,

**W**AS a celebrated poet of his age and country. He was born at the Hague about the year 1511, and died at Mechlin in the year 1536, aged something less than twenty-five years. Thusearly he died, but his tender love and ardent friendship in his poems have survived long the date of the boy-poet's death. His family was one of hereditary respectability, and held honorable posts in the land: they seemed to have been lawyers by family. His father, Nicolaus Everard was a jurisconsult, and president of the Belgic Senate; with great feeling and filial tenderness his son bewails his death, in a poetic lament. All his brothers were versed in jurisprudence. Peter Nicolaus was a prelate of the premonstrant order; Everard Nicolaus was president as his father was before him. Nicolaus Grudius was royal counsellor, and Knight of the Golden Fleece. Hadrian Marius was chancellor of Gueldres and Zutphen; and the poet (though the two last mentioned were brothers in the poetic art as well as by nature,) was private secretary first to a Belgian bishop, and then immediately before his death, appointed to the same situation with the Emperor Charles the fifth. A sister, Isabella, was likewise erudite, and a poetess. So that the family of Nicolaus was distinguished for genius, learning, and high station. Secundus studied law for a year with Andrew Alciatus, a celebrated lawyer at Bourges, to whom he has inscribed certain poems, and has written an itinerary of his travel thither and back to Mechlin. With Scorellus, a distinguished painter and sculptor, he pursued, we may suppose in dilletanti style, those arts. In an epistle of his to Scorellus, he writes concerning an effigy he had sculptured of his first flame Julia, whose beauties he has likewise sung in a book of elegies inscribed with her name; and in speaking of this effigy, he refuses the honors Scorellus would bestow, and praising the beauty of the original, rather than his art's success, tells his master he is as much enchanted with those reflected charms as he had been with Julia herself. Thus was Johannes Secundus crowned with a three-fold wreath of eloquence, sculpture, and poetry. To exhume the matters of his private history, as far as we can gather them, now that three so



long centuries have rolled over the tomb that hides his ashes, shocks not our feelings so much as if he had lately died; and though all of his generation have long since gone, we still sympathise over the early death of the poet; his loves and his songs all immaturely ended, and wish that like the other members of the Nicolaus family, the sun of his life had descended in the western waves, instead of being swallowed by dark clouds in the very east. The history and the works of all men, nay, their loves and their features, have been given us for instruction, that we in all reverence, learning that another has lived well before us, may strive to do better; and as pilgrims over a desert, finding even the remains of the repast, or an ornament or a staff lost on the journey, find new encouragement to toil on; so we shall have thus a tangible object from all matters of personal history, that may waft a sympathy to the perished in time, or the distant in space. In the little vellum copy of his works, on the first page, is a plate of that effigy of his first love, Julia, in praise of whose beauty he has written a book of a dozen elegies. Around the plate is the inscription—*Vatis. amatoris. Julia. sculpta. manu.* So this is that attempt to trace the beauties of the marble-hearted Julia in kindred rock, mentioned in the letter to Scorellus. As we learn from one of the elegies, and a letter of the poet, the fair Belgian discarded him; but afterwards, Johannes seems not to have been so selfishly united to one as to be inconsolable; he found, perhaps, among the dark-eyed daughters of Spain a second mistress, whom he celebrates under the name of Neaera, and whose kisses he greatly lauds in his book "*Basia.*" The character of the amatory poet may rank less highly than the efforts of that nobler class who embrace all the workings of this devious shuttle of life, and can trace the whole of the labyrinth of man, but though he chooses but one scene, and re-creates continually to himself the pleasing anguish, or the fond delights he has enjoyed, he too has labored well, and as soon ought stern moralists, forming their stony ideals, pluck this delicate flower of humanity from the great frame of man's nature, as we be deaf to that 'less strictly meditated Muse' of love.

The poems of Johannes Secundus impress us with a strong sense of his amiable disposition. He was very



evidently deeply in love with his Julia; and with equal warmth took up the new yoke of Neaera. His epistles and funeral elegies show that he had that feeling, the unwritten poetry that gathers like the atmosphere of household flowers, about the home of good fathers and children. We cannot look even through this lapse of three hundred years, at that tender and brotherly family, and read his expressions of honor and reverence to his father, and attachment and kindness to his brothers and sisters, without lamenting that his life like theirs, in pursuance of the promise, had not been longer in the land. And towards his instructors in philosophy, towards his friends bound to him by congenial pursuits of eloquence, song and the humane arts, he exhibits a heart warm with tender, caressing emotions. The respect expressed to Erasmus, More, Alciatus, and the commendations of this young poet, by contemporary learning, indicates that to him, the hoary head of older wisdom was a crown of glory, and that what was pure, lovely and of good report, was well followed by him. His sensibility and elegant character is shown by all his writings, they are ornate; as it were, crowned with flowers.

His three books of elegies are composed of one book, containing the praises of Julia, and two on a variety of subjects suggested by the events of his times and the situation of his friends. "On the books of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius," his models—"To Erasmus returning to Holland"—"To his friends in Spain"—"On the monuments in St. Denys at Paris."

His much celebrated book called *Basia*, perhaps has excited more consideration than any other, and indicates with what a glowing boyishness he followed love—it is as sweet as orange groves in Spring, while the sun and moon are meeting their rays—and could only have been drawn in life and love's first wantonness.

We have endeavored to translate one or two, but fear the beauty of the original will be all lost.

These poets, like knight-errants, should all have mistresses.

BASIA II.

Close as the elm is girded by the vine,  
In strict, and warm embrace;

Or as the ivy's leaves and clusters twine  
The oak to interlace ;  
So round Neaera's neck and arms let mine  
In loving kiss find place ;  
Then care I not for sleep, or food, or pleasant wine.

In that perennial kiss pass life away,  
And let us lovers cross  
The stream that flows beyond the shores of day ;  
Our life, not love, our loss.  
Amid the flowery meadow we should stray,  
And no regret should toss  
Our happy souls, in bliss and pleasure's constant play.

There we should join the heroic lovers choir,  
And raise melodious song ;  
And crowned with myrtle, sweep the trembling lyre,  
Amid the god-like throng ;  
Whose bosoms raptured are with sacred fire  
Of love divine and strong ;  
While rose and yellow narciss echo to the wire.

To thee the blissful crowd of spirits rise,  
Each from his flowery seat,  
And give the honored place where Homer plies  
The strain of Epic sweet ;  
Nor would the flames of Jove himself despise  
To sit beneath thy feet ;  
Thus would they Love and Love's musician dearly prize.

## BASIA XIX.

Crop ye bees, nor rose, nor thyme,  
Nor nectar from the violet,  
Nor the glowing fennel climb,  
Neaera's lips are sweeter yet ;  
Rose and thyme they ever breathe,  
Of lilies scent they constant drip,  
There your draining tubes may sheath,  
And love's moisture sweetly sip  
But that ye may duly draw,  
Drive not away her lover's kiss ;  
I her lover, make the law,  
That ye may suck, but not amiss ;  
Fill not all your fragrant cells,

Lest I might lack my wonted pleasure,  
 Stings not lips, of bliss the wells,  
 Whence you and I derive our treasure.\*

His epigrams we must say in justice, have not the witty, cutting sarcasm of Martial. The subjects are various, upon bad poets, bad doctors, the incurableness of love, upon pictures, complimentary verses to his friends, like those prefixed to old English books, whether fortune is blind, upon the vanity of human life. One of the pleasantest in the tripping style of the Basia is addressed to Charinus upon his ugly wife; so milk-white, so rosy, so polished, modest, gentle, that, says the poet, if Jove were to grant me three such, I would willingly give him two of them to take away the other.

A book of Odes he has left, and full of elegance and polish, and poetic feeling, all must allow. The descriptions are fresh, and the moral of all sad, that admixture which in the Epicurean Horace charms even joyous, careless, satcheled school-boys—it is the plaintive sweetness of Celtic music pitched in the minor key.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SPRING.

The Spring hath fled with lightsome brow;  
 The Daulian bird repenting  
 Of Itus' death, on topmost bough  
 No longer sits lamenting;  
 But stills her song of woe and wrong.  
 The wearied shepherd seeks the shade,  
 His fleecy charge are drooping,  
 How lovely now the tall trees aid,  
 To those beneath it trooping;  
 For summer's tide is in her pride.  
 The seasons fleet thus fast away,  
 And nought remains us surely,  
 But flying time makes all a prey,

---

\*The 7th Basium appears to have been imitated in that glorious song of Ben Jonson's in *Volpone*, commencing

Kiss me sweet, the wary lover  
 Can your favors keep and cover.



And strikes existence rudely ;  
With rugged hand, so God's command.  
Alas, how bright were human lot,  
Beneath a spring sun ever,  
Wintry clouds should gather not,  
And flowers should wither never  
In Summer glow, or Winter snow.  
Beneath such pleasure-dropping skies,  
Live parted pious spirits ;  
Their year a spring forever flies,  
A spring that hath no limits.  
No flaming star, from fiery car  
Burns fiercely on their laurelled brows ;  
No hail-darts stormy quiver ;  
No wintry wind its ashes throws  
O'er purple mead and river,  
To chill delight, where all is bright.

## ON VIEWING A DANCE.

Dione saw I not in ivory shell,  
Skimming amid the tangles of the dance ;  
Where youths were raptured with the spell  
Of maidens loving glance.

One midst the train of virgins sure I mark,  
With softest step the flowery ground she greets,  
How bent like circles of the morning lark,  
To her each eye soft fleets.

Oh, like a purple rose in milken tides  
Creeps the warm blush upon her soft white cheek ;  
Her yellow hair upon her brow thus glides,  
As gilt bands ivory streak.

Now here, now there, with flying limbs she turns ;  
And some loved youth's dear hand just touches ;  
She swims the ground, and swims the air that burns  
With purple love's soft gushes.

Alone her pleasing fetters all absolved,  
She wanders ; and her eye's warm glance is flying ;  
To him, and then to him her path's resolved,  
Her thoughtless mazes flying.

Oh happy earth, I envy thee thy bliss,  
 If thou canst feel those steps. Oh make me air,  
 That she through face and breast and eye may kiss  
 And I thy transports share.

Of his funereal poems we would translate an epitaph  
 on that just and great man, Sir Thomas More, who,  
 tenacious of his religious liberty, died to virtue and to  
 truth a noble martyr.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS MORE.

STRANGER.—Whose is the headless trunk, that lieth here ;  
 Like withered rose in dust prostrate the head,  
 Its silvery honors trailed in gore are spread ?

CITIZEN.—That head was Thomas More's—that head revere,  
 Whose cruel fate makes virtue drop a tear.

STRANGER.—What Goddesses are they with aspect dread  
 Surround the mournful relics of the dead ;  
 And strike the steady soul with trembling fear ?

CITIZEN.—One Goddess with unwavering eye—firm Truth,  
 Stands linked in hand with Faith sacred and just,  
 With stern face Nemesis, her sword of ruth  
 Dims not its edge though dinting in the dust.  
 Of these, the one and other brought to doom,  
 The last, the avenger guards his honored tomb.

The youthful poet soon followed the aged philosopher  
 struck down by disease as unpitying as a tyrant. His  
 loves lie immature, stopped in the very prelude, the  
 opening blossoms of his fancy, for a moment scented the  
 air till death chilled them, and all that remains of Jo-  
 hannes Secundus are a few murmurs of adoration to the  
 supreme beauty—a few soft downy feathered doves of  
 thought that helped draw the car of Venus and great  
 Cupid, and his features full of friendly tenderness, and  
 eyes where the partial hand of Scorellus has copied a  
 lovely melancholy presagient of early dissolution.

A.

## LESTER'S GLORY AND SHAME.\*

THIS is not exactly the kind of publication a good man or a sound thinker would desire to see at this time, upon the peculiar domestic relations of England. It is a vain-glorious declamation upon a very serious subject. There has been a period among American readers, when a book set forth with such a title, might have passed current by the sheer force of assumption; but we would remind the author, if he ever intends to write again, that this day has passed. American literature has outlived its early poverty; it has been cultivated by at least a few genuine authors, who have set before the public models of excellence, and taught them to discriminate. The worth of a sound education, a classic style and just sentiments is, we believe, as properly appreciated here as anywhere. When Joel Barlow was thought an epic poet, Mr. Lester might have passed for a patriotic tourist; alas! that he has fallen on these evil days of light and knowledge.

There is always a certain quantity of heated declamation, illogical argument and incongruous small talk afloat in society; we cannot always escape it in the best cultivated drawing rooms; it is spouted at clubs, it is familiar to juries, it is heard at lectures, and far too often in the pulpit. It has always been so, and we presume it always will be. A more perfect system of youthful education, the increase of classical studies, the promotion of discipline in colleges, might indeed be expected to advance mature thinking, and render society less of a bear garden; but the evil will remain. Youths who neglect timely instruction, when they grow up to be men must sharpen their wits upon one another, and we may expect to hear the clangor of their dull weapons. These are impertinent from necessity; others are impudent from choice; they talk without reading, and argue without reflection, and prefer at any time a brawling disputation to the calm voice of truth. These are social evils, and may to some extent be pardoned. Time hangs heavy on the hands of the

---

\*The Glory and the Shame of England: by C. Edwards Lester. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers, 1841.



illiterate and the vain; the anxiety for distinction is always in inverse ratio to the merit of the party; a wise man will hence avoid these inconsequential talkers, and an indulgent man will laugh at them. It is a greater misfortune when one of these characters undertakes to write a book. A book is a more sacred thing than a man; it has access to our hours of privacy, to the retirement of leisure, to the simplicity and earnestness of our fireside. The most loquacious talker can be known but to very few out of his unhappy circle; a book of very bad manners, by the press, puffery, and the imprint of the Harpers, may in a fortnight be introduced all over the land.

Mr. Lester has undertaken to write a melo-dramatic book in the style of popular eloquence affected at public meetings, and addressed to uncultivated audiences at the minor theatres. Mr. Lester composes throughout at fever heat. He is an ultra-specimen of the exaggerating class; men who deal in superlatives, and talk hyperboles over the table; emphatic, noisy, small-beer politicians, whose eccentricities are restrained by no modesty, who brow-beat by loudness and gesture; the pertinacious and the dogmatic. The title of the book is sufficiently indicative of its general spirit. There is great pretence, exaggeration, and excitement, and very little worth listening to after all. To hearken to the clamor one would think the North river, so often proverbially mentioned, were actually on fire; the newspapers and engines run down with clatter and criticism, and find that it is but the reflection of a straw heap, the vamping of a book-maker, the kindling of a New-Jersey swamp.

Mr. Lester has aided his readers in the interpretation of his volume, by a very extraordinary frontispiece. In the distance, tower St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; the sun is obscured by the smoke of innumerable factories; on the left are the wooden walls of England with flag and pennant; on the right a crowded mass of heads diminishing from a few full lengths to mere pin points; in front on a rock stands Britannia, resplendent with spear and shield, and on a projecting headland, in this confusion of air, earth and sea, a majestic lion with his paw on the back of a prostrate human being in a slashed doublet and Turkish cap. This all indicates something very alarming; the lion is shaggy and ferocious. But

what it all means we are at a loss to conjecture, unless the lion be a merely typical figurative lion, in the literary sense, an emblem of Thomas Campbell's pawing and trampling upon the genius of American poetry in the great abolition "meeting of the world" at Exeter Hall.

The portions of the work devoted to literature are the most odd and entertaining. For the serious parts, the exhibition of the evils of the Corn Laws, the suffering under the factory system, the details of calamity alleged, the eager defence of the oppressed and unfortunate, we have too great a respect for the sorrow hid under all these things, to question in aught the discretion or the facts of the author, lest in so doing we should seem to detract from a sympathy too rarely felt and expressed in a world where power and prosperity are always too much worshipped: we should be inclined to think however that the remarkable cases related by the traveller are single ones; it cannot be usual for beggars, even in the streets of London, to fall down on their knees for alms and leave the tracks of blood on the pavement; and one may ride in omnibusses for many years without meeting with so sad an adventure as befel Mr. Lester in his journey to the East End. For the rest, we could catalogue as many woes near at hand in the streets of this city; crime and misfortune are not the curses of England more than they are the common evils of humanity. In every family we may find some tale of grief; in every breast the seeds of sin; in every man's history the climax of all disasters—death.

The chief literary characters introduced to the reader in these pages, are Dickens and Thomas Campbell. The first is by far the most novel and refreshing lion of the two, though the author of *Wyandott*, in spite of many tourists, is not so hackneyed in his paces but he can yet give a very courageous whisk of his tail, and frighten away the lookers-on, particularly those of them who have any participation in American poetry. To exhibit these lions chronologically, Mr. Lester first became acquainted with Campbell, at the great abolition meeting. The Poet undertook a speech on the occasion, wherein he hinted at a great deal of concealed displeasure, at the silence of American authors on the subject of slavery. In the warmth of the moment, forgetting his position, 'before



the world' in the cheers and laughter, and doubtless thinking himself in the presence of friendly after-dinner port and mahogany, he ventured a few colloquial remarks on the American poets. As reported in Mr. Lester's book, he went on—"the Americans have noble heads for prose; among them they have the very first prose writers in the world; but in verse—ah! I will say nothing—it may do very well to run upon all-fours, but it cannot rise. (Laughter.) It puts me in mind of the old story of the dying man. A friend was preaching to him, and painting all the joys of Paradise, when the poor fellow said, 'Oh, say no more about the joys of Paradise; your bad style makes them disgusting.' Here was a nation offended at a stroke, and the poet set about to amend the error by a written apology, and a commission to Mr. Lester to set the matter right with his countrymen. But Campbell excited, was not half so insane as Campbell in his right mind. The apology is less flattering than the speech. The latter was a mere *jeu d'esprit*, somewhat misplaced, but more laughable than mischievous, and only to be found fault with by the vainest of all vain people, and in this position Mr. Lester placed himself and his countrymen, by admitting, for an instant, an *apology* from glorious Tom Campbell, whom all America loves, and will love, let him laugh and joke about the poets as he please. The affair was perfectly ridiculous. Delegates had assembled from all parts of the world, and women were knocking at the doors in vain, for admission: the meeting was charged with sorrow and denunciation towards slave-holding America, when a pleasant dinner companion turned the tide of indignation, and mirthfully substituted a few harmless poets for the dread men-stealers of the South. Mr. Lester is a poet, and if ever Campbell reads his book, he will beg his next countryman who comes along, to expunge the apology. A dinner and a breakfast followed the interview with Campbell, at Freemason's Hall. The dinner was given by a Dr. Beattie, the author of the letter-press to a widely circulated series of views of Scotland. Mr. Lester told a pathetic story of the woods of Wyoming, and Campbell, now on his good behaviour, after the abolition speech, exclaimed, "Sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. I can stand before my enemies, and no man ever saw me quail there;



but, sir, you must forgive me now, this is more than I can bear." They all sat in silence, till Dr. Beattie exclaimed "If this is not the feast of reason and the flow of soul, there is no such thing on earth." Whereupon, Campbell said it was the flow of soul; doubtless a very pleasing confirmation to the gaping tourist. The conclusion of the whole of this matter is, that it is sometimes a breach of confidence in a guest to make people ridiculous, by reporting after dinner conversations.

Campbell appeared to more advantage afterward in the breakfast scene. "He was dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and waistcoat, and light blue cravat," and he talked as a man dressed in such cheerful habiliments should talk. Mr. Lester tells a really charming anecdote of a lion's skin, which lay before the fire for a hearth rug. "That rug, sir!" said Campbell, "why I think more of that rug than I should of a Devonshire estate. Why, sir, when I sit down to my old table here, I find a never failing source of inspiration in that tiger skin. I prize it almost as highly as I do my own." There is a genuine animation about this, worth a dozen bottles of that after dinner flow of soul and claret. Campbell, besides, gave a fine motto for the future editions of Channing out of Chatterton—

'The man is right—he speaks the truth—  
He's greater than a king!'

Campbell gave our traveller a letter of introduction to Dickens, which he very disingenuously put in his pocket and introduced himself to Boz, at his house, merely as "an American who would be greatly obliged if he could see Mr. Dickens." The request was granted, and the visiter introduced to the study, where the author sat in an arm chair, with a sheet of Master Humphrey on the table. Then ensued a philanthropic declaration on the part of the author, and some very sensible remarks from Dickens. Boz was pressed for a reply to the demand for answers to questions, and had recourse to the declaration of Independence to help him out. "Oh, sir, ask as many questions as you please; as an American, it is one of your *inalienable rights*." The first question was what is familiarly termed a dead set. "Allow me to ask, if the one eyed Squeers, coarse but good John Brodie, the *beautiful* Sally

Brass, clever Dick Swiveller, the demoniac and intriguing Quilp, the good Cheerbly (misquoting an author to his face) Brothers, the avaricious Fagin and dear little Nelly, are mere fancies?" Boz replied good-naturedly and satisfactorily enough, as Mr. Lester might have known from what he had already published in the preface to *Nickleby*, that they were so partly; but that Dickens ever uttered the long declamation recorded against him we doubt. It would appear indeed, from the innate evidence of the book, that the machinery of conversation is somewhat apocryphal. A Colonel Manners is introduced, making long speeches and quotations in Westminster Abbey, who is admitted to be a mere lay figure; and we have doubts of the reality of a very remarkable Irish lord, in the Liverpool rail-cars, whom from his stale anecdotes, statistics and moralizing, we believe to have been no one else but James Grant. Be this as it may, these two volumes have perplexed us not a little. Sometimes we have been inclined to think the author writing a work of pure fiction, and conveying his moralities in a new style of allegory; at others we have thought Mr. Lester literal, and what appears invention, to be merely an exhibition of his own peculiar idiosyncrasies. The speeches reported are very extraordinary, so much so, that if genuine, we may strongly suspect the writer to have been frequently the victim of a species of deception, popularly known as gammon; if not, the author has fairly succeeded in gammoning himself. Mr. Lester appears to have gone abroad as a tourist, eager both to admire and censure; he probably arranged his theory and his book beforehand, for many of his facts and illustrations are drawn from a period twenty years back. Espriella's Letters are not the best evidence against the year eighteen hundred and forty-one. When Mr. Lester appeared in England his mental pores were wide open for the reception of his favorite ideas, and he seems to have believed whatever was told him.

But enough. We might have condemned this book on more serious grounds than the weakness of the author. It is bad in principle, for it seeks to confirm in the minds of the uneducated a feeling of hostility toward a foreign country "with whom at no distant day" as the agitating Mr. Lester observes, "they may be brought into collision,"



and fosters a vain sense of superiority at home equally fatal to the true well-being of the people.

---

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits,  
He hears the crowd ; he hears a breath  
Say, " It is Christ of Nazareth !"  
And calls in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*

II.

The thronging multitudes increase ;  
Blind Bartimeus hold thy peace !  
But still above the noisy crowd  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;  
Until they say, " He calleth thee !"  
*Θάρσει, ἔγεραι, φωνεῖ σε !*

III.

Then says the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, " What wilt thou at my hands ?"  
And he replies ; " O give me light !  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !"  
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*

IV.

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three ;  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !*  
*Θάρσει, ἔγεραι, ὕπαγε !*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !*



## THE CITY ARTICLE.

BISHOP HUGHES AS A POLITICIAN.

THE metropolis has again been the scene of a fierce political struggle. Until a few days before the election, every thing wore the appearance of order and quiet. True, the head-quarters of the two great national parties displayed the usual quantity of bunting; the stars and stripes streamed in the sun and fluttered in the breeze; street literature was enriched with the ordinary issues of mammoth hand-bills, posted at corners, and upon gates and lamp-posts, summoning the faithful to pronounce judgment upon the candidates nominated by the respective conventions; and juvenile oratory plumed itself, in the approved mode, for its accustomed flights at suns and stars from National and Tammany Halls.

In all this, there was little to condemn, if but little to approve. The ins and the outs were influenced by the ordinary motives which move ins and outs. The ins were enjoying the possession of power and the sweets of office; the outs were panting to obtain their comfortable places and pleasant fare.

In the meanwhile, a third party had been secretly organizing—the circumstances under which it was formed, deserve to be again particularly stated. For many years, thousands of children in the City of New-York, have been educated in schools erected and supplied with all necessary appliances, by the Public School Society. The education furnished at these schools is purely secular, the children are taught to read, write, the use of figures, and whatever else pertains to a plain, practical, substantial English education. This charitable Society was incorporated by a law of the State; its funds are raised by a general tax, levied upon taxable property, in the city of New-York; and the charity, thus created and endowed, is administered by a Board of Trustees, of which the Aldermen are ex-officio members.

It will thus be seen, that this institution is created by a public law, and is, in effect, administered by public agencies; that it is created and administered for a great national object, namely, the general enlightenment of the people.

An institution more essentially democratic in its objects never existed—it seeks to enlighten those who are the source of power, that they may use power wisely. It is universally tolerant, and denounces no man's opinion. That it may offend no conscience, it propagates no sectarian creed—it puts it in the power of each to read and judge for himself, and then leaves each to form his religious opinions by the lights of his judgment and conscience, and the teachings of those whose pulpits he seeks for religious instruction.

For many years, citizens of every religious denomination, have had their children instructed in these public schools. Thousands have passed from their desks and walls, qualified by their instructions for a life of usefulness and virtue—they have filled every department of industry—they have been eligible to every post of honor and emolument—they have, in their respective spheres, illustrated human nature and adorned the American character. Few have passed from the pleasant forms of the public school-rooms, to the criminal's seat in our courts, or the felon's cell in our prisons.

That the general objects of this institution are good, is not denied; that it has endeavored, in good faith, to accomplish those objects, is not questioned; that it has ever been eminently successful in attaining those objects, is every where conceded. What, then, is the ground of complaint against it? In effect, not that it teaches any particular religious creed; not that it commends the Methodist and condemns the Catholic; but, *that it does not expressly teach the creed of the Roman Catholic Church!*

“The very head and front of its offending  
Has this extent, no more.”

And why does it not teach the creed of the Roman Catholic Church? Because the institution belongs to the state, and because the Roman Catholic religion is not the religion of the state. And it does not teach the creed of the Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian Church, for the same reason; because the creed of neither of these (or of any other) sects is the religion of the state. And yet the *conscience*, forsooth, of the Catholic, is offended at the Public School Society, because the Public School Society will not offend the conscience of the Episcopalian, the Baptist,



the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and of every other man who embraces the creed of any other church.

And what does the tender, the tolerant, the offended conscience of the Catholic demand under these circumstances? Not merely that the Methodist, Presbyterian and all other religious denominations, should be taxed to educate his children, but that they should be taxed to educate them in the faith and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. Attempts have been made to present false issues, and to blind the eyes of the people as to the real objects of Bishop Hughes and those who take their cue from him. He has changed his ground, without changing his objects. Proteus is still Proteus in every changing shape. His first proposition, as embodied in the petitions of the Catholics, as such, was, that a portion of the funds, raised for the Public School Society, should be set apart for the erection and exclusive use of Catholic schools. After a long investigation, much discussion, and more diplomacy on the part of the petitioners, the prayer of their petitions was denied. After a lapse of time, there were renewed petitions, discussions, diplomacy, and denial of the prayer of the Catholics, that funds raised by a general tax for public purposes, should be applied to the inculcation and propagation of the Roman Catholic religion.

Convinced by the last unsuccessful attempt, that the Common Council was utterly incapable of appreciating their refined views of the rights of conscience, Bishop Hughes and his flock presented a Catholic petition to the legislature. The form and grounds of the petition were now changed. A strong feeling against corporations was found to exist in the legislature, and the public School Society is called a close corporation. The former petitions being signed by Patrick O'Finnerty, and Patrick O'Doherty, *as Catholics*, had offended prejudices; so all the Patricks now sign *as Citizens*. The persons whose consciences are offended by the Public School Society are represented as being very numerous, and it is supposed that every Patrick who has a conscience has also a vote; and votes are known to be very useful to trading politicians in closely contested elections. One executive officer is told that he is a statesman of enlarged views and humanity, and superior to the prejudices of common men, and that he would make his name immortal as a great public bene-



factor, by securing to the Catholics the rights of conscience for which they had appealed to the legislature; and it being an amiable weakness to desire to make one's name "immortal as a great public benefactor," the flattering unction is laid to the soul, and Catholic pretensions have gained an important convert. Another high executive officer is approached in a similar manner, and with like success. With the way thus prepared, Bishop Hughes is heard before a committee of the legislature, and every topic of prejudice and delusion is appealed to with consummate skill. Bishop Hughes has studied his art in a great school, illustrated by the names of many distinguished Jesuits; and his skilful dialectics on this occasion reflected the highest credit upon his illustrious teachers.

The Catholics no longer asked for an exclusive allotment from the funds of the Public School Society; their consciences would even consent to be patted and kept quiet under the roof of a school-house with Protestants; but they had become very solicitous that a more democratic mode of superintending the public schools should be adopted. Let the city be laid out in school districts; let the Superintendents in each district be elected at the charter election; then, if the Protestants outnumbered the Catholics, the district school shall be Protestant, and if the Catholics outvote the Protestants, the school shall be Catholic. Such was the burden of their last prayer; and thus, happily, the political partizan and the religious zealot might grapple with partizan and zealot, at the porch of the church and the school-house, with vast benefit to the rising generation. But what then becomes of the rights of conscience about which the Catholics profess to be so very anxious? Leave that to Bishop Hughes. He knows that if the Public School Society can once be broken down, no matter by what means, and the peace of the city be destroyed by the furor of religious zeal, in one such disgusting election contest between religious sects as would inevitably ensue, the people will buy peace at the price of yielding all that the Catholics demand.

But all this diplomatic subtlety and dialectic skill were unavailing. A bill drawn conformably to the prayer of the petitioners, and reported to the Senate, was rejected; and the Public School Society was again saved from the hand of a relentless fanaticism.

Thus defeated, what does Bishop Hughes? Does he say to his flock, "Your claims have been fairly considered, and upon full deliberation overruled; it now becomes you as good citizens to submit; to take the good which is freely offered without murmuring?" Not so.

"Then Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
With long eared rout, to battle sounded,  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

Bishop Hughes becomes a politician; instigates a political meeting of Catholics, organizes the meeting by appointing Catholic officers; takes care that he shall be the only speaker; and finally, nominates a ticket, for senators and members of assembly, which he says *he* has approved. He addresses this meeting in an impassioned strain; his auditors become drunk with excitement, and respond to his appeals with wild enthusiasm. Having thus inflamed the passions of his flock, he dismisses them, after declaring that the nomination just made must be final.

It cannot be denied that all this was astutely managed. The result of the election in the city, it was supposed, would determine which party should have the ascendancy in the legislature. Votes were therefore in great demand. Both parties would naturally be in a humor to propitiate every class of voters. The Catholics were supposed to hold the balance of power. Here, then, was a glorious opportunity for diplomacy. The Catholics want a boon and will pay their votes for it. Both parties want the Catholic votes, will they grant the boon? Here is a dilemma—it is dangerous to say yes: not less dangerous to say no. The whigs were asked, and said no—this made it still more dangerous for the opposition to say, yes. Shall the Catholics, by asking them, oblige them, unequivocally, to say yes or no? This, undoubtedly, would be the most frank and honest course; but is it the most politic? Bishop Hughes thinks not; he will not have the candidates, at Tammany Hall asked whether or not they will grant this boon. What then will Bishop Hughes do? Bishop Hughes wants some third person, whose name is not known, and who is therefore irresponsible, to whisper into his ear that ten of the thirteen candidates for the Assembly, nominated at Tammany Hall, favor the views of the Catholics on the school question. The



wishes of Bishop Hughes become known ; it would be strange if, in a city with a population of nearly half a million, and where there are so many Catholics, one man could not be found to gratify so distinguished an individual as Bishop Hughes ; such a man is found, and Bishop Hughes is gratified.

Bishop Hughes having been thus gratified with the information that ten of the Tammany candidates favor his views, prepares his ticket and calls his meeting accordingly. He informs the meeting that the ten Tammany men whose names he has put on the ticket, know how the wind blows and where the land lies ; that at least, he is credibly informed that such is the fact ; and that if it should not be the fact, it would be easy for them to say so in the newspapers.

Shrewdly done my masters ; Ignatius Loyala, himself, could not have managed it more cunningly. The candidates may say, " We have given Bishop Hughes no authority to pledge us in this matter, and we will take no notice of his declaration. He has no right to call upon us to publish our opinions in the newspapers ; we will remain mute, and the Catholics, if they please, may imagine that we are as weatherwise as Mr. Espy the storm-king ; while at the same time, we will have our papers take care of our interests with the friends of the Public School Society, by certain mysterious givings-out that we are not the men whom the Catholics take us to be. Thus we will secure the one without losing the other." Thus much for the candidates. On the other hand, the good political Bishop might reason thus : if these ten do not say to us nay in the newspapers, we can insist that they are committed to us, and when they are elected, hold them to their pledge.

And thus there were three Richmonds in the field. There were Tammany Hall, National Hall, and Carroll Hall ; the latter lying between the two former, as between two fires, eventually suffering a galling cannonade from both.

The morning after this meeting at Carroll Hall, there was tribulation in Tammany, and in all the regions where " Spartans " do congregate. What was to be done ? Who was to do it ? Shall we be non-committal, or shall we call out the Irish to denounce Bishop Hughes ? Which is most politic, sincerity or gammon ?



It was wisely concluded that honesty was the best policy; the ten declared themselves against the views of the Catholics; the Irish were got together and blarneyed; and the good Bishop of Basiliepolis was check-mated.

It is believed that this is the first instance on record of so open an interference with politics, by any Christian minister, in this our ancient and venerable Gotham, and we fervently hope that it may be the last. It is of evil example, and its result shows that it can yield no fruit but such as turns to ashes in the grasp.

We think that the minister of religion who intermeddles with politics sadly mistakes his vocation. The vestments of the Sanctuary are soiled by contact with the gladiators on this fierce arena. When rebuking sin in its gilded trappings; when cheering the way-worn and weary disciple, in his tattered habiliments; when administering consolation at the bedside of the sick, or the couch of the dying; when mingling sympathy and prayer for the living, while committing the dead, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—we feel that the pastor is indeed God's ambassador on earth. But when in his zeal for proselytism, he enlists a political faction for the propagation of a religious creed, he seems to us "to seek to merit heaven by making earth a hell!"

We make no apology for the freedom with which we have spoken of men and measures. This magazine is the organ of no sect or party; but it is the friend of every good man and every good cause. Tolerant of the opinions of others, we nevertheless feel ourselves free to war against errors which war against the peace and very existence of society.

Judging our party politics with extreme charity, every dispassionate thinker will admit that party organizations are pushed far beyond their legitimate limits, and are exerting an evil influence upon institutions and people. No good man would wish to see them more unreflecting, more indiscriminating, more intolerant and bitter. No wise man would desire to see the church, the school-house, or the fire-side invaded by partisan strife; no thoughtful friend of his country or his kind would wish the fierce Shibboleth of party to rise above the peaceful teachings of the school-room, the sweet sounds of Sabbath bells, or the solemn voice of prayer. These places

should be consecrated to peace and virtue ; to the wise instructions of man, or to holy communion with God. We would fain make ourselves heard on this theme, by both politicians and preachers. We beseech you, do not for a partial and temporary good, whether real or imaginary, mingle the business of education, and the sacred concerns of religion, with the brawls and clamor of the tap-room and political conventicle. If you want a powerful incantation, it is true that you will find it in the fervor of man's religious faith ; you can cast the phrenzied zeal of fanaticism into the political cauldron, and like the weird sisters in Macbeth, bid it

For a charm of powerful trouble  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

But what real good do you achieve by this potent spell ? The equivocating fiend will but "keep the word of promise to the ear, to break it to the hope." When social order reels to and fro, as with fearful convulsions ; when the sweet charities of life are swallowed up, as by an earthquake ; when man's home-altars and God's solemn temples topple down together in one august and awful ruin, and we become the "fiends dread mock," what has been gained ? What good to the cause of man ; what glory to the cause of God ?

We would have the young of every religious faith grow up together ; mingling in peace at the desk of the teacher, that they may hereafter meet in peace at the ballot box ; learning, by the kindly intercourse of the school-room, to be charitable, and that there may be good hearts beating beneath the robes of a hated creed ; finding by these daily and silent inculcations of a universal charity, that

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."



## THE FINE ARTS.

## MR. SPARKS' LECTURES ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE celebrity of Mr. Sparks as an historical enquirer and political biographer of some of our very foremost public characters, together with a knowledge of the fact of his late return from a residence abroad, chiefly devoted to researches of this nature, have contributed to render his course thus far very popular, and even fashionable. The subject is both trite and yet attractive. Our Lecturer brings to it good sense, discrimination and research, but no elegance nor fine analytical power nor fancy. His lectures are true statements of facts or opinions; the former always accurate; the latter universally just; but he wants originality and the power of illustration. His manner is somewhat indifferent, occasionally quite careless. Mr. Sparks is more of a stactician than a declaimer. He is doubtless a good teacher, but a very inferior public speaker.

He has thus far delivered three lectures, and in each displayed the same resources and similar defects. The first, on the Causes that led to the Revolution, was exceedingly sensible, but equally trite. Every man and woman in the audience ought to have known the facts and sentiments it contained by heart. The second, on the First Congress, wanted spirit and variety. An admirable opportunity offered to sketch a gallery of historical portraits, but the lecturer would not or could not paint them. Tom Paine should have written the first, and Edward Everett the second. The third, on the Declaration of Independence, like the first, is judicious; but we want something of a higher strain on this heroic theme. Perhaps we require too much. Burke, and Chatham, and Paine, and Henry, and Ames, and Webster, and Wirt have obscured our perception, probably, of the humbler attempts of Mr. Sparks. He is clear and connected, at least, if not brilliant and admirable. Most of our lecturers are so far from claiming even these moderate qualities, that we should rather rejoice at the spectacle of good sense without pretension, and learning attended by modesty.

---

## MR. BRAHAM.

WHEN we first heard Mr. Braham in his opening Sacred Concert at the Tabernacle, we were sadly disappointed. We thought then as we do now, that he overlaid the majestic simpli-

city of sacred music with a profusion of useless and unmeaning flourishes, mere tricks of voice and execution, cadences, trills and absurd repetitions. Wonderful power, the more astonishing at his advanced age, (near seventy,) and equally wonderful science we could not help acknowledging, but his pathos appeared labored and his enthusiasm mechanical. We did recognize a portion of the fine scorn Lamb spoke of in that magnificent piece, 'Thou shalt dash them to pieces,' wherein his contemptuous tones were jerked out with the same force that the fretted waves break and storm upon a rock in the raging sea. Afterwards at the theatre, on each occasion of our visits there, we were equally dissatisfied. The very indifferent acting was not relieved by any very extraordinary singing. It was the extravagance and (paradoxical, yet true) the constraint of the Italian opera. But a few evenings ago, at the Stuyvesant Institute, we at last discovered the secret of Braham's powers. It is not only the amazing extent or clearness, or melody of his voice, nor the rapid execution, nor the brilliant expression merely, but (as in all men of true genius) it lies in the harmonious sympathy between the spirit of the man and the talent of the singer. He sung admirably, the noble heroic songs from Scott and Burns, not only because he sung with power but also with love. He then and there sung out himself, to speak after the manner of the Germans. The honest, hearty, manly old strains, heroic or naval, or even moral, of England and Scotland are the true songs for Braham to sing. Before we heard Braham, we fancied to our eye a sort of poetical High Priest in Israel, a majestic figure of a man uttering tones of unearthly depth, and beauty, and style austere, grand and solemn. But Old Hundred was the only specimen of the kind Mr. Braham gave of himself to any advantage. To hear Braham in 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' or 'the Blue Bonnets are over the Border,' in which his frequent animated calls, sound like the acute reports of a rifle, or 'the last words of Marmion,' where he displays the greater variety, from great force to fine tenderness, slowness and vivacity, spirit and sentiment, we say, to hear these is to hear the finest singing that is to be heard at the present day. The rich philosophy and fine poetry of 'a man's a man for a' that,' was delivered in a proud strain, evincing the generous spirit of the singer. The hearty naval songs of old England are great favorites with Braham. He sings them with all the joyaunce of a jolly Jack Tar, that creature of impulse and heart, and with a spirit of defiance at fortune and a manly cordiality of feeling that smack of the children of the sea. Mere sentimental songs Mr. Braham sings badly. He has a taste and a faculty above them; he should 'chaunt the old heroic ditty o'er' and leave Moore and Haynes Bayley to the lesser lights of the hour. He has force and



elevation, but little of mere elegance or softness—he is the Jupiter Tonans and not the graceful Mercurius.

---

### THE PARK THEATRE.

#### MR. BUTLER.

WE have seen Mr. Butler in the two concluding acts of “*The Avenger*,” and the first three of “*Macbeth*.” The Avenger is a wild, furious melo-drama, with constant peals of passion, shrieks, outcries, dusky woods and passages of murder. It requires of an actor an almost supernatural strength and force to make himself conspicuous in such a performance: he must sweep through the piece like a storm, outroaring the elements and defying the steps of all his fellows in the play. The genius of the performer must prop up the crumbling and tumbling structure of the author. Some glimpses of such a spirit we detected in Mr. Butler: a novelty and energy of conception that redeemed the glare and tumult of the composition. In the concluding act—the scene on which the curtain falls—we thought we discovered in the actor’s murmuring my child—mi-m-mi-m—dying off into hopeless imbecility, evidences of an original study, and the power to tread on the very verge of grandeur, without “o’erstepping the modesty of nature.”

The circumstance that Mr. Butler’s *Macbeth* could not hold us beyond the third act, was to us proof that there is something wanting in his performances: the absence of continuous and sustained power as an actor. He furnished frequent points of great excellence—some quite bold and marked—but failed in, what might be called, the intervals of the part. His by-play is not always felicitous, nor do his features always succeed in expressing the emotion which the mind of the performer seems to have mastered. Inequality is the pervading character of his efforts. Flights of a noble pitch and failures of quite as profound downward tendencies. We suspect that his “*Hamlet*” is the most even and happy effort of the performer. It was not our good fortune to confirm this belief by attendance at its presentation, but it accords best with the style of his thoughts and the general cast of his personations.

---

#### OLD MAIDS.

OLD MAIDS, the new play by Sheridan Knowles, produced at the Park Theatre, if judged by any higher or different standard from that which Knowles himself has created, and the public have

in some measure admitted, would be pronounced deficient in most of the elements of a good comedy. It is wanting in humor, its wit is of the most slender description, a mere tenuity of idea that escapes us altogether in the perusal, till it is skilfully brought out on the stage, and for character, meaning thereby any depth or strength of soul, with the exception of a few stage conventionalisms, it is as like Sheridan Knowles' former productions and as unlike Shakespeare as possible. There is not a good round jest in the whole of the five acts, but a world of word-catching, "Arachne's web not lighter," which sometimes falters and becomes tediousness infinitely dilated; at others, on the stage, goes trippingly off and is exceedingly elegant and airy. Knowles, like a genuine man, as he is in his way, has two sides to his character. The one presents us with vigorous manly sentiment, caught with his native breath, as an Irishman, and cherished by the hearty out-of-door life of the author, and perhaps not a little confirmed by his resolute struggles with the world. He is full of honest patriotism and a stout hearted democracy, when the noble qualities of a man come in contact with the artificial distinctions of society. He hates foppery, and is fond of making it ridiculous, and he succeeds whenever he attempts it, (and in this he is perhaps alone among the present dramatic writers,) in placing a perfect gentleman upon the stage. The other side of Knowles' character shows him a courtier, a man of prettinesses and refinements among the ladies. His plays are, as they should be, the favorites of the sex. He makes an infinite deal of the drawing on a glove, the admiration of a bracelet, and his kisses are managed with an elegance and grace, to which we should be puzzled to find any thing much better in Beaumont and Fletcher. His words are clear and transparent, with a relish of old Saxon idioms. Altogether, it is not difficult to account for Knowles' success, when he thus appeals to the men by his manliness, to the women by his grace, and hides his defects, at least from the ears of critics, by the purity of his style.

Old Maids is somewhat a misnomer of the new play; it might as well be called Love's Disguises, or Woman's Wit, for if the play-goer expects any specimens of antiquated virginity on the stage, he will be disappointed. There are two unmarried ladies who are engaged in various love scenes with two fine-hearted gentlemen. The interviews are brought about with some sacrifice of probability, but when the parties are together, they advance and recede, talk and kiss very delightfully. To give the plot of this piece would be a dull work, for it is a plot without depth, and does not exhibit any character in the parties beyond what is seen at the outset. And when we have said that Miss S. Cushman acted very archly and prettily, we have paid our tribute to the best of the stage performance.



Great praise is due to Mr. Simpson for the early production of this play, and for the style and expenditure of the scenery, which are worthy to succeed London Assurance. Old Maids will doubtless be seen by all play-goers, and hold possession of the stage a fortnight at least.

---

## THE LOITERER.

- I. *Treatise on the Church of Christ: designed chiefly for the use of Students in Theology.* By the Rev. WILLIAM PALMER, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford. With a preface and notes by the Rt. Rev. W. R. Whittingham, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maryland. From the second London edition. In 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1841.
- II. *The Early English Church.* By EDWARD CHURTON, M. A., Rector of Crayke, Durham, with a preface by the Rt. Rev. L. Silliman Ives, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina. From the second London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

PROTESTING against the mode in which the two American prelates write their names on the title pages of these two works respectively; the one giving a preface of five pages, to introduce a beautifully written historical sketch of the old British Church, and the other a short sermon—full of notes, on an ingenious and scientific treatise on theology, we shall endeavor to give an idea of these two works. The one from theological arguments would deduce the Catholic character of the Church of England; the other, from the purity of the old British Church, a purity obscured in after times by man's inventions and the absurdity of monkhood, would historically assert the hereditary descent of its apostolically founded origin. The rites of this Church a considerable portion of the world has enjoyed, and long may her glorious temples ring—as may those of all true Christian worshippers—with the echoes of her solemn adoration, and her liturgy be chanted on every shore. But the Church, great and august as she is, is but a means; and man, the glorious and lost, and his redemption from evil deeds and evil thoughts are the ends of her institution. The bishop with his sacred authority, the priest teaching on each Lord's day, and the deacon distributing the alms of the faithful, what were they if the flock were not fed, if their preaching and benedictions did not call down the Spirit of Life to take possession of man's heart, if they did not lead to the fountain of life, if one angel fell from allegiance, and his immortal nature lost its first love? This Church militant has its banners and its leaders, its watchwords and its discipline, but wrapt in glory, clothed in white, golden-crowned, angel-pinioned,

singing, rejoicing, freed and transported beyond sin, and trampling death, on a sea of glass, in the smile of the Lamb there is a great company of all tongues and all ages; the Church triumphing. No schism, no heresy agitates that body; one bishop they have, and an eternal benediction; and for ever kings, for ever priests, they sing an immortal song. It is well to speak of a visible Church, though the true and sincere may well be thought an invisible Church. There is still another Church, it is small, it is feeble, and from it proceed many errors, but to all of us its purity is of the greatest concern; how impure it often is all must acknowledge, how great and worthy it may be, blessed spirits and holy martyrs know; our own heart God direct aright. The outward and visible Church, as the frame of civil polity may be shown from the nature of man, sacrifices and rites and symbols are necessary from his moral faculties; by faith, to himself he applies the Church's comforts. Let us not be misunderstood, the communion and fellowship of our fellow men is a Christian duty, and though it is a sin if error divides that unity, the sin lies on both sides, if weak brethren falling away are not regarded as of our communion. Still we are schismatics as well as they—they separate, we maintain the bond of charity. The great truths of revelation, of moral investigations, may sound different in words, yet be to all alike. The Socinian or Arian denying the divinity of the Son, may merely assert the separate personality, and though we should endeavor to hold to the truth, let us learn that love, Christian love poured out in life and action, is the greatest of all truths. One aim of the *Treatise on the Church* is to repudiate the theory of dissent. Modesty and humility are, also, opposed to it, but zeal for the truth may become, too, a virtue, and councils perhaps may err; at all events, that spirit of dissent against usurpation which bound in iron and chilling fetters; against superstition, with its crowds of ascetics and celibates; against error canonized, against vice pardoned, that by which Luther contended, and Ridley and Latimer died, that dissent may be considered justifiable, if need be, commendable.

---

THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF MESSRS. APPLETON, AND CO.

ALBEIT, not addicted to puffing fashionable publishers, in a whole-sale way, in the pages of *Arcturus*, it would be a sad want of generosity for the innumerable good books, and in decidedly bad taste altogether, not to say something of the handsome publishing operations of the Appletons. The liberality of expense in the finished mechanical style, is worthy of all praise. It is not be-